THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY SHIP.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JEAN.

Years ago I stood by my nurse's side,
And she said one day to me,
"There is wealth untold o'er the waters wide,
And you must watch by the throbbing tide,
Till your ship comes in from sea."

I sat by the sea till the sun went down,
But never a ship for me;
The purple night hid the dear old town,
And I answered nurse with an angry frown,
That my wealth was still over the sea.

Other years went by and I stood once more
On that self same spot by the sea;
And I thought, as I mused on the lonely shore,
Of the night-hid town, and the ships of yore,
And the riches withheld from me.

But it came at last, my tardy ship,
And the treasure it brought to me;
Ah, woe! that treasure blanched cheek and lip;
'Twas sealed with black, and with black was tipped;
Her was buried far over the sea.

I watch no more; but I linger to-day
On the shore of Life's desolate sea:
I wait for the ship that shall bear me away,
To find my lost treasures and hold them for aye;
For never they'll come to me.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XLII.

It was all over. Mr. Carmichael was dead and buried. The funeral train had passed in solemn procession through the village, and the rustics, standing at their doors, to watch, had all agreed that Mr. Carmichael's respectability was done justice to, that he was buried as a gentleman ought to be. Oh, ye simple-minded, how little you heeded the satire conveyed in your opinion.

It was a spectacle that afforded the village much satisfaction; there had never been such a funeral in Craythorpe before. The children gazed at it with awe and admiration, and played at funerals for full a week afterwards. The hearse, covered with nodding plumes, was drawn by four black horses, whose mourning-trappings almost touched the ground; the mutes, with lugubrious faces, marched with a slow and stately step, and the mourning coaches came at even distances and moved at an even pace along. They had galloped in from Winstowe in the morning, but they were not on duty then. They had put up at the "Lynn Arms," where refreshment was served to man and beast. The mutes were jovial at that time, so was the undertaker, and so were the drivers of the hearse and coaches. But the undertaker was not jovial now: he looked as though he had lost his dearest friend on earth, and was consequently duly disconsolate. The mutes too were sombre enough; their mouths were drawn into a serious and somewhat suffering expression, and their eyes were bent upon the ground, save now and then when they gravely looked up with a slightly reproachful glance, as much as to say, "No one can accuse us of not performing our part with all due propriety." And yet, no sooner was the funeral over, than they might be seen taking a parting-glass at the "Lynn Arms," after which the drivers cracked their whips, and they rattled back to Winstowe as merrily as though they had been engaged in a more enlivening ceremony.

Still, despite this irreverence when off duty, the proceedings had been conducted in a very creditable manner. Not a single point of funeral etiquette had been unobserved, not a single hitch had occurred, "everything went off well," to use the undertaker's own words; and he could not help congratulating himself upon the fact that the whole affair had been a complete success. In which opinion he was fully seconded by the inhabitants of Craythorpe. And in which opinion also coincided Aunt Lotty's relatives, who had come over to support her on the occasion; and who, in the true Dormer spirit, were very fastidious in such matters.

Mrs. Letheby, Aunt Lotty's eldest sister, folding up her husband's hat-band and scarf, remarked to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dormer, "That she was thankful everything had gone off so satisfactorily. From the coffin to the breakfast nothing could have been nicer. Poor Lotty knows so little of how to do things that it was surprising that everything had been so well managed. To be sure there was nothing like employing people who understood their business, and the man at Winstowe evidently understood his—thoroughly. This silk, now," continued Mrs. Letheby; "I couldn't get a better in any shop I know of, seven and six a yard at the very least, a good thick silk, and one that doesn't look as if it would cut. I must try to get over to Winstowe before I leave, and get a few yards more to make out a dress."

"Seven and six? dear me!" returned Mrs. Dormer; "it will have cost a good deal in hat-bands and scarfs."

For Mrs. Dormer not being a Dormer by birth, was not imbued with the prejudice that a funeral ought to be got up regardless of expense.

Mrs. Letheby's brow slightly contracted, but she forgave Mrs. Dormer for this want of proper feeling and responded,—

"My dear Jane, at a funeral everything should be of the best; it is a satisfaction to those left, and a compliment to the departed—especially where there is so much wealth as in the present case. Who would ever have thought of poor Lotty coming in for such a property. She was the last of us married, and she's done the best as far as money is concerned; and as for her husband, if I were in her place I should consider myself a deal better off without him than with him, and I daresay Lotty will think the same herself when she picks up her spirits a little."

In which sentiments of Mrs. Letheby's, Mrs. Dormer most heartily joined, having been several times frozen at the state dinner-parties by Mr. Carmichael's extreme frigidity, and having felt, as she expressed herself to her husband afterwards, "in that state of shiver that it seemed as if no earthly fire could ever warm her." Therefore the two decided that Aunt Lotty was, on the whole, rather a gainer than a loser by late events.

"And whatever happens," said Mrs. Letheby, oracularly, "whatever happens, she'll always be able to look back with satisfaction, and to feel that no husband, whoever or whatever he might be, could have had a more comfortable and creditable funeral than hers has had to-day."

But Mrs. Letheby forgot one important point in her calculations, namely, that she and Aunt Lotty were two different persons.

It was the first time that Mrs. Letheby had ever paid a visit to Green Oake, and not being deeply affected by the loss of her brother-in-law, she was quite able to make the best use of her time in taking stock of the premises. She made Joyce act as guide, and examined the house from garret to cellar. She took a mental inventory of the contents of the china-pantry, and of what silver was in use.

"I should like to have seen the whole of it," she said; "but it would not perhaps be quite delicate to ask Lotty for the key at a time like this."

So she restrained her curiosity with a half-sigh, and trusted that a future occasion might reveal to her longing eyes the treasures of the plate-chest. She paused at the door of the wine-cellar, but imagination was destined to be her only informant. Yet of course a man like Mr. Carmichael would naturally keep a good stock of wine. It would have been gratifying to be able unhesitatingly to affirm that the cellar was what a wine-cellar ought to be in the Dormer estimation, but under present circumstances this was impossible.

"You see, Joyce, I shall be asked a good many questions when I go back to Cradlington. They'll all like to hear as much as possible about poor Lotty, and I should like to be able to answer everything correctly. However, I must make the best use of my eyes in seeing what is to be seen; everything depends upon me, for though your Aunt Jane is a very good woman, and I've nothing to say against her, still she is not a Dormer, and therefore cannot be expected to have the faculty of seeing things with Dormer eyes."

What the peculiar advantage of this faculty might be, Joyce could not determine, as it certainly had not helped Aunt Lotty to a very clear-sighted perception of her husband. True, Aunt Lotty might be a degenerate Dormer, as Mrs. Letheby usually spoke of her as poor Lotty.

"It's a wonder where the will can be," said Mrs. Letheby. "There can be no doubt but that he's made one, though why people should hide away their wills in places where they can't be found is more than I can make out. You don't know of any other relatives beside Miss Carmichael, do you, Joyce?"

"No."

"Ah! then I suppose the property would go to her after poor Lotty's death?"

"Perhaps so," returned Joyce.

"Perhaps so!" repeated Mrs. Letheby; "there's no 'perhaps' in the matter, that I can see. Of course it will, child, there's not the shadow of a doubt upon the subject."

And Joyce made no answer, knowing that Aunt Letheby held the doctrine that the opinion of a Dormer was not to be disputed.

"I don't much like the girl," continued Mrs. Letheby; "there's something too restless and uneasy about her. However, possibly she may be going to have a fever, for I'm sure her manner is very queer and excitable."

"I hope not," said Joyce, quickly, with a half-fear that Aunt Letheby, being a woman of some experience in illness, might be right. And when they arrived in the drawing-room she managed to escape from Mrs. Letheby, who was deeply absorbed in a minute investigation of the ornaments and furniture.

And a very thorough examination did Mrs. Letheby make, and considerable appraising talent did she develope in her estimate of the various articles. She uncovered one of the chairs to note the color and texture of the damask beneath, she lifted up a corner of the handsome table-cloth in order to assure herself that the table was of the best polished rose-wood—"and a thousand pities to cover it," she commented.

She had been, as she expressed it, "pricing" cornices only a few days before, therefore she was able to decide that Mr. Carmichael had given no mean price for these, "for I never saw handsomer—did you?" and she looked round in order to appeal to Joyce. But Joyce was gone.

"Ah well, there's plenty to amuse one, without needing any one to talk to," reflected Mrs. Letheby; "there's all the old china I've never looked at, nor the bronzes and the chimney ornaments, and I don't know what. And in one's own sister's drawing-room one needn't stand upon ceremony, so I shall take a good look at everything."

Which Mrs. Letheby accordingly did, and which formed the staple of her conversation for some time after her return to Cradlington, thereby raising her to an unapproachable height in the estimation of her sister-in-law, who, in the same amount of time, had not been able to collect one-tenth part the amount of information; and Mrs. Dormer meekly attributing the fact to her not being a born Dormer, solaced herself with the consideration that the next best thing to being a Dormer by birth was to be a Dormer by name.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

The house is quiet now. Aunt Letheby and Aunt Jane and their husbands have gone away, and Aunt Lotty, Doris, and I are alone.

How desolate a house seems when there has been a death in it. We move quietly about, as though we feared to disturb some one. We speak in low voices, and if we hear a door shut suddenly it makes us start. There is a cloud hanging over us that weighs us down, and we cannot free ourselves from its atmosphere.

I thought all these feelings would have vanished when the funeral was over, and the blinds drawn up, and daylight let in once more—when the house was relieved of the solemn presence of the dead man.

But we cannot shake off the weight that oppresses us, though we wonder that we should feel thus deeply the death of a man we so little liked as Mr. Carmichael—that is, Doris and I wonder, for Aunt Lotty mourns as an affectionate wife would mourn for the best of husbands.

But Aunt Lotty believes him to have been the best of husbands, and if she ever happened to see any faults in him, death has blotted them all out, for death is a great obliterator of failings. As a general rule, we remember more good of our friends after their death than we ever did in their lives; perhaps, also, we have a superstitious reverence for the dead, and care not to speak lightly of them.

Aunt Lotty certainly remembers more good of Mr. Carmichael than ever belonged to him. If either of them was ever to blame, she fears it was herself. She was not good enough for such a man, so full of virtues, so superior in intellect. Poor Aunt Lotty! She has canonised Mr. Carmichael already, and he will for ever reign as a saint in her calendar.

Well, it is best that it should be so, and when time has dried up her tears, and healed her sorrow, she will have pleasant memories to look back upon, none the less pleasant because a loving heart and a kindly imagination have thrown the halo of pardonable fiction around them.

But it is not thus with me. I look back upon Mr. Carmichael's death with a feeling of awe.

My vision was clearer than Aunt Lotty's. She did not understand as I did the struggle of those dying hours. She knew not that her husband had descended to the grave with a heavy load upon his conscience—some wrong committed, that it was past his power to obtain forgiveness for, or even to reveal. No, Aunt Lotty knew not this, and I fervently pray that she may ever be kept from such knowledge.

Will any of us ever know what this secret is? They say that, deep as some secrets are hidden, yet shall they be made known, even as oftimes both earth and sea reject the murdered victim, and cast it back at the murderer's feet. However, there seems little chance of this present mystery being cleared up. Mr. Carmichael is dead, and Doris's packet is lost; and what other hope remains of a revelation?

Still one does not know what miracle may happen, for I am almost beginning to believe in miracles. Since I have emerged from the Wonder Age, I have left off wondering, and am gradually drifting into the Age of Faith. At least, I am trying to drift into it, and to believe that everything has a deeper significance than appears upon the surface, and that each event we are disposed to look upon as trifling has some well-ordered end: that nothing is small or unimportant, but that everything is best as it happens. I am trying, I say, to believe all this; but faith does not come all at once, though, when it comes in its full development, men may remove mountains; however, until then it is hard work enough even to clear away a mole-hill.

I hope Doris is not going to be ill. I found her yesterday lying on the hearth-rug in front of the porch-room fire, with her head resting on the great arm chair.

"Doris, are you ill?" I asked; and when she lifted up her face I saw that she had been crying.

"I think," I continued, "that you and I may now change places, and I may tax you with looking wretchedly ill. What ails you?"

"I'm not ill, and yet I am ill," answered Doris. "I'm sick at heart, Joyce, and very unhappy," and her face was again hidden.

"Surely you have nothing to distress you? You heard from Mr. Chester yesterday, and—"

"I was not thinking of Gabriel. I am not troubling myself about him. It's Lynncourt, Joyce. I dare say it's wrong, but the feeling grows stronger and stronger upon me that I cannot go there. Joyce, I do believe in presentiments; I can't help it; I have such a strong feeling that there's something not right in this matter. I don't know what I think. Sometimes I dare not think; but if I could only stay with Aunt Lotty, or go to Mrs. Howell, I should be so much happier than I shall ever be at Lynncourt."

"But you will not have long to stay there, Doris," I said.

She looked up at me with a searching glance.

"Why not?"

"You know why, Doris, as well as I do. It will only be until Mr. Chester returns from the continent."

"Uncle Carmichael's death may make a difference. Aunt Lotty will not like a wedding to follow a funeral so soon."

"I don't know. I never saw any reason why a marriage need be put off for a death, that is beyond a few weeks. It can be as quiet as people like to have it, and of course yours will be a very quiet wedding, Doris."

"I have few friends to invite to it, certainly, Joyce; but the wedding may be put off for other reasons."

"Doris! And is that what is fretting you?"

"No," returned Doris, sharply. "I told you that it was Lynncourt that troubled me, Joyce," she continued, suddenly springing up and standing before me. "I've had strange thoughts lately, waking dreams that seem so real, dark shadows that fall across the little light that's shining upon me now. I feel as I belonged to no one, as if I had no place, no home; as if I wanted to go forth into the world, and wander about until I had found a quiet resting-place for myself, and had forgotten all about Green Oake and Lynncourt, and could remember only the happy days when I was poor and with my mother. Joyce, I can't help it, and I'm sorry to speak ill of the dead; but I believe that Uncle Carmichael has gone to the grave with a lie on his soul."

I was startled by her energy. Besides, what had put this thought into her head, for I had not told her of Mr. Carmichael's last moments.

"Doris, Doris, be calm; don't speak so loud, Aunt Lotty might hear you."

She lowered her voice.

"Joyce," she went on in a subdued tone, "do you think that there was anything on his mind when he died? You were in the room, you saw him. I know he could not speak, but was there no sign by which you could judge?"

What did I know? How could I answer? Like herself I had suspicions, but my suspicions even yet were yet so vague that I dare not form them into words; yet still that one unproved and haunting theory was at work within me, and involuntarily the hidden thoughts of my mind burst forth,—

"I wonder if he tampered with your mother's packet?"

"When?"

"The day your seal was lost."

Doris grasped my arm, she looked eagerly into my face.

"And you never said a word of this thought of yours to me?" said she, reproachfully.

"I did not dare to breathe such an accusation on such slight grounds. I had no evidence, I had only an intuition to go upon."

"And now—"

"Mr. Carmichael's death-bed makes me feel convinced that I was right. There was something upon his mind, Doris, something that he strove to reveal when it was too late; and that something was connected with your mother's packet."

Doris sat still for a few minutes, very still; she held my arm with so tight a clasp that it was painful, but I did not move. Presently she loosed her fingers and rocked herself backward and forward, every now and then uttering a low moan like to some dumb animal in pain. At last she spoke, and her voice was forced and unnatural.

"Joyce, is it possible, do you think it possible, that my mother, that Ellen Carmichael was *not* my mother?"

I gave an irrepressible cry, the haunting suspicion born of the unproved theory was at length clothed in words, and stood out clear before me. Yet how could I bear to dash to the ground the fond belief of a lifetime? I could not speak. But Doris, seizing both my hands, implored me that I would be truthful with her. That I would tell her if such a thought had ever crossed my mind. And I, with my arm round the poor trembling child, in broken accents answered,

"I have thought so, Doris."

"My mother, oh, my mother!" sobbed Doris.

And then in a low, sad voice, she quoted this passage from the poor wife's story,—

"Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child—the other two had perished."

"One mother and one child were saved," said Doris, "but we are not told which. Oh! Joyce, Joyce, I see it all. How wicked, how cruel of uncle—no, thank heaven, he is not my uncle, I am no niece of his—. And yet *she* was his sister; my only mother; my blessed, angelic mother; the only mother I ever knew; no mother could have been tenderer to me. Oh! Joyce, I see it all."

And so did I, and seeing, wondered I had not known it all along. It was wonderful how the scales had at once fallen from my eyes, and I was blind no longer. A hundred trivial circumstances I had not heeded or had overlooked rose up before me, and now the overwhelming certainty seemed stronger than ever the doubt had been. I marvelled why I had not understood it all before; why I had hesitated to speak to Mr. Chester, even why I had not said to Mr. Carmichael upon his death-bed, "Doris is not your sister's daughter." And yet I had not shaped my thought clearly even then. It had come suddenly, now this moment, like a flash of lightning from a dark cloud that had been hovering on my horizon for many a day. So clear a revelation it now appeared that I wondered why it had ever been hidden from me.

Yet why should I thus reproach myself.—conviction does not force itself upon the mind all at once; there are many phases to go through ere one arrives at the truth, and until one has viewed a matter thoroughly in all its bearings, it is impossible to form an impartial decision. When one only half knows, or half suspects, everything is so vague, so dim, that it is useless to reason calmly, or to form any kind of judgment; one must wait until the whole lies mapped out before one, and one point can be set against another, one circumstance weighed with another, and facts and reason brought to bear where only suspicion and doubtful evidence existed before. Therefore I need not reproach myself; had it not been for that death-bed struggle, I might even now have had only dim surmisings instead of being in undoubting knowledge of the truth. For truth both Doris and I felt it to be, though we saw no means of ever proving it.

Very plain it now appeared to us that, on that morning in August, only a few months ago—and yet that seems so very far back now—Mr. Carmichael had, in some way, obtained possession of Doris's key, and had, during our absence, mutilated and arranged the contents of the packet in the manner that suited his purposes. We understood now the blots, the erasures, the torn sheets, the seeming omissions, and I remembered the two kinds of wax with which the seal was evidently made.

"Joyce, we can do nothing without Gabriel; he must come back."

I felt as Doris did, he was the person to consult; better even than Mr. Lynn, under the circumstances.

And poor Aunt Lotty! What a grief to her to know of her husband's guilt. But she must never know it. Surely Mr. Chester can help us in some way to keep the secret, or poor Aunt Lotty's gentle heart will be broken, and her recollections of the past be marred. Heaven grant that she may be spared the shattering of her idol, unworthy though he be.

I am not one of those stern iconoclasts who, for the sake of what they call candid speaking, and letting people know the whole truth, would deface an image in some weaker heart because loving fingers had chiselled it with too flattering a touch.

Aunt Lotty moves about the house quietly, looking very gentle and very sad in her black dress and widow's cap. Her tiny ring'ets are brushed smoothly back, and her face looks none the worse for being a little paler. Poor Aunt Lotty, she believes herself to have suffered an irreparable loss. When she has got over her first grief, she will put up a monument in Craythorpe Church, setting forth the virtues of Hugh Carmichael, Esq. I almost think she is looking out appropriate texts now, for I see her making notes from her Bible, and it was open for a long time at the first psalm.

Oh, dear! What are inscriptions on tombstones worth? When I die, I shall leave a request that on my headstone may be written no other words than these: "Here lies Joyce Dormer."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Chester was again in Rome,—in the wonderful city, the queen city, before whom all other cities must bow down, even in these later days, despite their high pretensions; for the past has cast a royal mantle over her, such as no other city shall ever boast; it was ages in weaving, and it will be ages ere it shall wear out, and to its last thread it will show a texture that can never be imitated; for the loom in which it was wrought is broken, and it is past the power of human skill to mend it.

There is in inanimate things a sort of social scale: aristocrat and plebeian are as clearly stamped on the stones of cities as on the brows of men.

Prosperity has little or nothing to do with it. Miles and miles of added streets, thousands and thousands of well-built houses, men and women in comfortable garments, fail to give a town the interest that a single ruin will often create. And how is this?

"Manifestly wrong," appears to be the an-

swer; "for in the welfare of humanity should lie the strength of human sympathy." And so it may be; but deep down in the hearts of most men there lies something, they know not what—reverence for the past, conservatism, enthusiasm, superstition, call it what you will—that gives to the ruin round which the interest of tradition is thrown, a higher place in their estimation than they would accord to the most costly edifice, whose uprearing has been accomplished before their own eyes.

Mr. Chester was in his studio, working at the painting whose completion was to send him back to England.

It was a brilliant picture, the deep blue of the sky was almost lost in the rich gold and crimson tints of sunset. The pillars of a portico stood dark and clear against the gorgeous mass of coloring. Upon the worn and broken steps a group of beggar children played, their dark locks seemingly fringed with a golden halo; whilst at a little distance stood two Carmelite monks, whose white garments assumed a grey tinge as they contrasted with the vivid glow that illumined the background.

Mr. Chester stepped back a few paces to contemplate his work, but he was not satisfied. His hand had moved mechanically, but there was no spirit or force in the last touches. He was doing more harm than good. He was not in the humor for painting. He threw his brush aside and flung himself into a seat. He remembered that journey into Essex, and how he had longed to be at Rome once more, away from every one. Yet now that he had returned he felt restless and almost discontented. "The lines" had not fallen as he wished—places were not pleasant to him—"Glorious Rome" was beginning to lose her fascination.

Glorious? Were these the days of Rome's glory? What meant those foreign soldiers in the streets? Wherefore the poverty, oppression, and misery that were rife on every side? Time, too, had not spared the proud city; triumphal arches were broken, temples in ruins, palaces and hovels standing side by side. And yet, despite shortcomings, despite her fall from those days when she sat enthroned upon the seven hills, with the imperial purple flung around her, still she was a queen,—a ghostly queen, whose court is among the dead, the dead that by their greatness still are living, their deeds being immortal. Never shall other city claim such a past, or wrest that heritage from her. Neither shall city ever rise to be her rival, for splendid as the result of man's genius may be in the present, he cannot create a past.

And as Mr. Chester thus mused, a wondrous panorama whirled before him. Like Rome's first king, he watched the eagles win; their flight, he saw the city rise that fairer and fairer grew as time sped on, that gathered within its walls the strength of heroic hearts and valiant hands, the tribe of iron Romans. And then another age arose, the age of luxury—and prouder and more beautiful than ever in her costly garments, sat the dazzling queen. Her sceptre stretched to the east, to the west, southward, and northward, and Rome was mistress of the world. He saw the arches raised, the victors crowned. He heard the echo of the silvery tongues whose eloquence the world still reverences. He recognized the genius that has left its trace, and still holds in thraldom the thoughtful traveller, who, as he steps lightly over rare inlaid floor, raises his eyes in almost adoration to the inspired efforts of the mighty artist minds. Each stone of Rome is still precious as a priceless jewel, and through the broken archways and the ruined Forum a never-tiring voice murmurs a ceaseless song, whose burden is "Rome is eternal."

And yet Rome was beginning to lose the charm she had exercised over Mr. Chester. The eyren-song had failed to lull him to repose as he had trusted it would. He had been in a restless, fevered state ever since his return. What had he done, how fixed his fate, so that no hand could unmake the life that he had planned out for himself?

The same feeling of treachery to Doris that had struck upon Joyce, smote upon him also. And Doris was to be his wife. Why had he acted so hastily? Did he repent? Supposing after all that Joyce—

Pshaw! Of what was he dreaming? He and Doris would be very happy together, and would soon forget Green Oake, and no—he should never forget; he wished himself at the antipodes, anywhere, and he restlessly paced the apartment. There was a gentle knock at the door, and a little Italian boy, whose face beautiful as one of Raffaelle's cherubs, had won him the place of errand-runner and nondescript-attendant to Mr. Chester, entered the room.

"A very large letter for the signore."

"It is a very large one, Antonio," replied his master, glancing at it mechanically; "leave it on the table."

The boy did as he was bidden, and then left room, and Mr. Chester still paced up and down. He was in no hurry to read the letter, for, in his mechanical glance, he had perceived that it was not from England, and he therefore felt no curiosity about it.

He was still absorbed in his reverie, and it caused him more pain than pleasure. He was battling with himself, and striving to reason himself into that philosophic state of mind that decrees that "everything happens for the best."

It is the would-be consolatory theory of the greater part of the world, to judge by the continual repetition of the proposition, but it fails to carry all the comfort with it that it is designed to give. For when the "everything" has gone wrong, it is beyond the power of humanity to take up the proposition as a creed, and to say, "I believe it to be right," with whole heart and soul.

One has to let the edge of grief, indignation, disappointment, mortification, or whatever the adverse "everything" may have called forth, wear itself away ere one can in any way derive from the trite saying the smallest particle of consolation, and even then men rather settle down to a sort of discontented acquiescence in the torn matters have taken, through another philosophy that teaches that "what is once done cannot be undone."

In time Mr. Chester's reverie came to an end, and his return to the everyday world brought with it an impulse to open the "very large letter" that had been lying so long unheeded. It was from a friend with whom he had met on his last journey to England, and with whom he had travelled for nearly two days. What could he possibly have to say that involved such a bulk of correspondence? Mr Chester leisurely broke the seal. Then he started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. For the parcel contained a very short note from his friend, accompanied by Doris's pocket!

"Don't think me a thief," wrote his friend, "for I have not the slightest knowledge of how the enclosed came into my possession. All I can tell you is, that I found it a few days since among some papers that I had with me when you and I last met, and in some unaccountable manner your letter was, I suppose, spirited off amongst them into my portmanteau. I trust that its temporary loss has been of no great importance. I am inclined to believe that it cannot have been, as the letter, from its outward appearance, bears the marks of having been kept by you for some time."

So Doris's pocket was found. Mr. Chester had something to occupy him now, he must at once despatch it, and this involved writing a letter. He was rather glad to be obliged to write a letter, for he could not help acknowledging to himself that he had not written to Doris quite as often as, under the circumstances, he might have done, but he had excused himself on the ground that he and Doris understood each other so well that a very vigorous correspondence was unnecessary. Nevertheless conscience had not been altogether satisfied with this argument, and it was with a more hopeful feeling than he had lately indulged in, and with some gratitude to his friend, that he now sat down and wrote a long letter to Doris.

Now that the packet was found, he wondered that this chance of finding it had never occurred to him. It almost seemed to him as if he could remember the very moment at which it must have been transferred to his friend's papers. And he also distinctly recollected having seen the letter on the evening that he and his friend had been together, but he had until this moment entirely forgotten the circumstance. It was strange. How could he have forgotten it? Why had he not remembered it? Why? He was almost tempted to answer as Joyce would probably have done, "because it was otherwise written in the book of destiny." This wonderful book about whose paragraphs none can come to a conclusion, because it is written in an unknown language and with an invisible pen. Sometime or other, perchance, we may learn to read it, but the time has not as yet come.

However, Doris's packet was found, he was glad of that, it seemed as though a weight were removed from him which he had scarcely felt until the moment of its removal. How would its finding affect Doris? How affect Mr. Carmichael? To the first question alone would there be an answer, for Mr. Carmichael was lying still and cold. His lips would never move again to speak truth or falsehood, his eyes would never unclose again to look upon this world, wherein he had woven his tangled web. Good and evil were alike to him now. He was dead, and the world went on without him. A higher hand had held the secret that living he strove to keep, and dying he strove to reveal, and now it would be divulged, and he should have no part in its unravelling.

There was news upon the road that Mr. Chester little anticipated. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ D'd you know Betsy Cranch? What a fine creature she was? I told her once, in jest, she must be my wife, for I had never been so deeply in love before. "It is out of the question, my dear," replied she, "it is impossible. *I am five deep already!*"

☞ Artemus Ward was very fond of telegraphing, and studied it for amusement. He was a very good "sender." In this connection it will be remembered that, to the telegram of a California Lecture Committee, "What will you take for one hundred nights?" Artemus promptly replied "Brandy and water."

☞ Hajji-ab Nagar being asked what was the most excellent thing in man, replied, "Sense." But if he have none what is the best then? "Honesty." If he has not that? "The counsel of his friend," replied the doctor. And in want of that? "Taciturnity." And if he cannot have any of these things? "A sudden death as soon as possible!"

☞ A Portland Democrat, before that place became a city, was once presiding over an old-fashioned town-meeting. A certain office was to be filled, and almost simultaneously the names of a Whig and of a Democrat were proposed. The chairman immediately remarked: "Gentlemen, those nominations were made so nearly at the same time that I am hardly able to determine which to put; but it does seem to me that the last-mentioned name struck my ear first."

☞ A gentleman in P——, Pa., who had a taste for "improved stock," purchased a pair of Bremen geese, from Hare Powell, of Philadelphia. That the speculation might be sure to answer, and to preserve the future race from contamination, all the native geese on his farm were duly decapitated, and the foreigners waddled abroad, lords of the yard and goose-pond. But the golden eggs of hope proved to be no eggs at all, and two or three years were passed in vain expectation. At length some shrewd goose-ologist discovered that the purchaser had staked his hopes on a pair of ganders!

☞ A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions, met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

☞ The *English Independent* tells that the late Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, was so stout, that on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

☞ At a recent missionary meeting in New England, much was said relative to the Bible and the efforts of missionaries to send it to the uttermost parts of the earth. In due course the Rev. Mr. —— was asked to pray, and did, thus: "O, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy word, as it is given to us; and although it is not the original copy, still we consider it a very good edition, under the circumstances. And although Thou hast made the earth, and caused it to revolve with considerable velocity, and although our missionaries are scattered over the surface thereof, yet Thou hast so nicely balanced the centrifugal and centripetal forces, that, as yet, not a single brother has been thrown from the surface!"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

NOMINATIONS.

The "Loyal League" of this city has offered a premium of $500 for the best essay that may be tendered "on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for offices;" with minor premiums of $300, $200 and $100, for the second, third and fourth in merit.

The idea of the "League" is, that some suitable scheme or plan can be devised, by which the right kind of men can be nominated to fill our legislative and executive offices.

We look upon the whole thing as an amusing instance of obtuseness on the part of gentlemen who are sufficiently intelligent in matters generally. Given a sweltering day in July, how to make a correct thermometer register the heat as only seventy, is about such a problem as the one they have offered these premiums for solving.

Still, we wish them all success in their efforts; and should be very much pleased to find that we had entirely overrated the difficulties of the case.

In the meantime, the *N. Y. Tribune* proposes the following plan, after the English fashion:—

1. Let us elect by popular vote fewer officers than now, leaving more to be appointed.

2. Let us discard, for the most part, the swindling machinery of "Regular Nominations," and call by public requisition upon fit persons to stand as candidates for elective offices.

A requisition is a very simple matter. It reads:

"To ——— ———, Esq.

"The undersigned, residents and electors of the ——— District, respectfully request you to stand as the Republican (or Democratic, or Conservative, as the case may be) candidate for Representative in Congress (or State Senate, or Assembly) at the ensuing election."

[Here follow the signatures.]

Of course, there may be two or more rival requisitions; but almost any one might determine, by a simple scrutiny of the names attached to each, which of them was the more responsibly and worthily signed, though it should have the fewer names appended to it. Usually, the weaker candidates would be withdrawn or quietly dropped, leaving the field clear on either side to the man who ought to be supported. But, admit that the stronger party in a district would sometimes lose the day through a plurality of candidates in its interest, we insist that the evil would be far less serious than that now endured from the rottenness or incapacity of the candidates forced upon us by "regular nominations."

We think the above plan of the *Tribune's* worthy a trial. One great fault of the present system is, that the nominating conventions *make no effort to get suitable candidates*—they simply choose between those who offer. Now the best men are those who will not offer, nor push their claims in the least. The mere fact of a man's striving to obtain a nomination, is generally a pretty good reason why he should not receive it. If our present nominating conventions would honestly do their duty, and try to procure and present good names for the various offices, the whole difficulty would be solved. But said conventions are always packed by the friends of the various aspirants, and no such effort is made. While party spirit runs so high, that a knave on your own ticket is supported in preference to an honest man on the opposite ticket. Therefore all a knave has to do is to get the nomination, by fair means or foul, and the party will elect him. And once elected he goes to work to compensate himself for the money he has expended in procuring his nomination, and to acquire means for fresh efforts in politics.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.—If anything were needed to prove how utterly contemptible and worthless the so-called critical ability of our leading journals is, the fact that the critics of the *Nation, Round Table, Tribune*, and *Times*, have all been taken in by the stupid plagiarism of Mr. Ball on "*Rock Me to Sleep*," would be of itself sufficient. Even when the ears of the ass stick out a foot above the lion's skin, they still believe the ass to be a veritable lion.

☞ The author of "Whom First We Love" is "Owen Meredith," Bulwer the younger. It is to be found in Volume 2, page 228 of his poems. So we are informed by Mrs. W. A. Thompson of Glasgow, Missouri. We are glad to see that our Western friends keep up so well with the best literature of the day. Mr. Thompson, who publishes the Glasgow *Times*, also alludes in his letter to the "*wretched plagiarism on 'Rock Me to Sleep.'*"

☞ Everybody blackguards rich men, and yet everybody shows a vast amount of respect for them. Nobody uses a rich man ill to his face, or speaks well of him behind his back.

☞ ONE AT A TIME.—The Augusta Journal says that as workmen were applying mastic to the front of a block of stores in that city, a man accosted the owner with the question, "Are you intending to masticate all your stores?" "Not immediately," was the sly reply; "as my teeth are rather poor, I may not chew up more than one of them now."

☞ A circus was lately refused permission to exhibit in Lee, in Berkshire county, Mass., lest it should disturb the deep religious feeling now prevailing there.

☞ "Papa," said a terrible infant at the breakfast table, "can fishes run?" "No, my son," said papa, with due dignity, "fishes do not run; they swim, by using their fins and tails." "Well, then, what did cousin Sophie mean when she said that you looked in the morning like the last run of shad?" It is believed that when sends Sophie caught that "terrible infant" alone, her conduct toward him was not caressing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN POMOLOGY—APPLES. By DR. JOHN A. WARDER, President of Ohio Pomological Society. 220 Illustrations. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This volume contains about 750 pages, the first 376 of which are devoted to the discussion of the general subjects of propagation, nursery culture, selection and planting, cultivation of orchards, care of fruit, insects, and the like; the remainder are occupied with descriptions of apples. With the richness of material at hand, the trouble was to decide what to leave out. It will be found that while the old and standard varieties are not neglected, the new and promising sorts, especially those of the South and West, have prominence. Price $3.

THE SMALL FRUIT CULTURIST. By ANDREW S. FULLER, Practical Horticulturist, Ridgewood, Bergen county, New Jersey. Beautifully Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN NORTH AMERICA. A Series of Historical Narratives. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c. Part Second. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE HEROINES OF THE BIBLE; OR, THE WOMEN OF SACRED HISTORY. In three volumes. For the Infant School, &c. By Rev. P. C. Headley. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston.

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE NURSERY. This is the title of a monthly Magazine for children under eight years of age. It appears to be well edited, and the illustrations are good. Published by John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston.

MILK AND ONION JUICE IN DROPSY.—Dr. Pautier, a French physician, relates the case of a man who was afflicted with general dropsy and a double dropsy of the chest, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing and other distressing symptoms. Various remedies had been taken without any apparent benefit. Dr. Pautier then prescribed the following treatment:—Three cups of milk porridge to be taken daily, each to be followed by eating dry bread and raw onion without any drink. This diet was persevered in for thirty days, but before half this time had elapsed the patient was able to leave his bed. In the following month nothing remained but slight puffings of the feet and ankles. A generous diet was then prescribed, and in another month a complete cure was effected.

☞ A committee of the English Parliament, who have been charged with the investigation of insurance matters, reports that at least *one-third* of all the fires in London are intentionally lighted for the purpose of thus disposing of the property insured to the companies which insure it; and that the most of this is done by "*gangs of foreigners*" who settle in London for the express purpose of following this as a business.

☞ IMMIGRATION.—The Commissioners of Emigration in New York report that 82,802 immigrants have arrived in this country from Europe since May 20th, as compared with 82,998 arrivals to the same date last year.

☞ The latest improvement in horticulture is that of removing the stones from fruits by a process of gradual reduction, by extracting the pith from shoots and grafting them on stocks and their own branches for successive seasons. The experiment has been perfectly successful with the Malaga grape.

☞ At Waterford, N. Y., it rained twenty-seven times on Saturday. One gentleman was working on the west side of a street when a shower came up which in three minutes wet him to the skin. Another man, working directly opposite, did not get wet at all, nor was he aware that any rain had fallen in the vicinity.

☞ He is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both. A truly learned man is liberal towards opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty and compassionate toward failure. Only the ignorant and half-educated are dogmatical, illiberal and intolerant.

☞ M. Gousset, the great champagne grower has inaugurated a new system at the Paris Exposition, which will probably come into general use. By means of a new system of cork and cork-screw a glass of champagne can be taken from a bottle without injuring the remaining contents; thus this simple perishable wine can henceforth be enjoyed in a small quantity without the waste of a whole bottle. This will be good news for those who enjoy their champagne alone.

☞ A HARD NAME.—Onward-Oppotion-to-Presbyterianism Hendrickson is the name of a son of a Hardshell Baptist preacher in West Ely, Marion county, Mo.

☞ The Purchase System in the English army amounts to this—"that Napoleon could not have risen in it without a fortune to waste." Wellington himself had to purchase his way to a position where his talents could be displayed.

☞ A FOURTH OF JULY TOAST.—The following toast is submitted for the next fourth of July celebration:—"The American Eagle—perched on the highest crest of the Rocky Mountains, he flaps his wings in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, quenches his thirst in the ice water of the Arctic Sea, and shakes his tail-feathers over the Gulf of Mexico."

☞ The favorite term for Senator Sumner's 36 column speech on Russian America, so far as we can gather from our exchanges, is "exhaustive."

☞ A lady writes that salt is a sure thing on bedbugs. Wash the articles and places infested with the bugs with salt and water, and fill the cracks and crevices where the vermin hide. They will give no more trouble.

☞ Best of all, perhaps, was Lamb's reply to a Frenchman, who presumed in his presence to set up the character of Voltaire in opposition to that of Christ. "Yes," stammered Lamb, "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ—*for the F F F French!*"

☞ At Gouldsboro (Me.) a short time since, a boy playing with a "bow and arrow" shot the latter directly into the eye of a little girl who happened to be standing near.

☞ One advantage about India rubber rifles is this, you can shoot around a corner without exposing your rear to the flank movement of a brick-bat.

☞ It requires ten thousand roses to make one ounce of the otto.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

ROMANCE IN REALITY—A SUDDEN SURPRISE—REUNION—IMPROMPTU BRIDAL—MORAL OBLIGATIONS—MATRIMONIAL MARTIAL LAW—IN THE SADDLE—SEPARATION—THE ADULIAS.

There was of our party an interesting individual that has been negligently overlooked. A modest, pretty, and in many ways accomplished Spanish Peruvian girl, aged about seventeen years, named Isabelita Marie Santa Marcus. By some means or chance, Dona Juanita D. Alva had made the girl's acquaintance, and became much attached to her during our stay at Ayacucho, and when we took our departure from that ancient town, Isabelita accompanied us as a companion to, and more as an adopted sister of our fair Boston Spanish American. The little story of the beautiful Peruvian girl, as we heard it from Dona Juanita, was briefly as follows:

Senorita Isabelita's parents were of Loyolese birth, of Peru's wealthy aristocracy, but now poor as poverty itself, and proud as—a poor Spaniard of good blood. There can be no more perfect incarnation of pride. Don Ramon, and the Lady Leocadia Santa Marcus were not literally beggars, as they had been able to maintain considerable style at Callao, and had also given Isabelita, their only child, a very thorough education and all the accomplishments of the country at the most fashionable convent in Lima.

Two years previously, upon the occasion of one of the national holidays, a sailboat containing a pleasure party, of which Dona Isabelita was a member, was run down in the harbor of Callao by a lubberly Bremen bark, some five or six of the party being drowned. The accident occurred near the Independence, flag ship of the United States Pacific squadron, and a young officer of the ship, the senior midshipman, temporarily in command of the deck, seeing the catastrophe, ordered the boats lowered and manned. But the crew were at dinner, and impatient at the delay, and naturally enough excited, Mr. "Middie" kicked away his slippers, snatched off coat and vest, and went headlong overboard. Striking out like a sea-lion he swam to the swamped boat, seized Dona Isabelita just as she was sinking, and bore her up bravely till one of the flag ship's boats came to the rescue.

A natural sequence of the episode was an exchange of hearts and vows of everlasting constancy, and an application to Don Ramon and Dona Leocadia by the young United States middie for the hand of their daughter. The parents were under great obligations—very grateful and all that, and Don Ramon offered the young gentleman six hundred dollars—every *real* he had, or could borrow, in payment of the obligation. But to bestow his Isabelita—his only child—so lovely and accomplished—heiress to all his—poverty, upon a mere midshipman. No. "*Nao possivel, senor!*"

Mr. Officer persisted, Don Ramon became alarmed and indignant, and one day there was a rapid flight of the Santa Marcus family from Callao to Ayacucho, where Don Ramon had a brother almost as poor, and quite as proud as himself. By some means, before a final separation occurred, Isabelita had learned her lover's address in the United States, and his determination to resign his position and return home immediately. But later than that she had never heard from him. Never doubting his fidelity, and confident that some obstacle beyond his control prevented his return to Peru, Isabelita, young, love-like, had taken the desperate determination of proceeding to the United States in search of her lost saviour. Her purpose was confided to Juanita, who sympathising with her, promised to aid and assist her by all the means at her command.

By a little strategy, the "Lady of the Liberal Hand," so universally loved and respected in Ayacucho, obtained the consent of the parents to Isabelita's accompanying her as a companion. Juanita's proposition was an excursion through Peru and Equador, taking care to conceal from Don Ramon and the Lady Leocadia that her ultimate destination was North America. This representation, and the loan of twenty ounces, of which Don Ramon happened to be particularly in need, fixed the affair quite satisfactorily, and so Dona Isabelita Santa Marcus rode forth in close companionship with her new sister, light-hearted, happy, and confident; and by her modest vivacity and sweet, winning artlessness, she was placing herself in all our hearts next to our pet Neapolitan 'Daughter of the Regiment.' But one day at Cerrero we lost our pretty Peruvian companion, and Juanita her adopted sister for ever.

We had topographised the valley of Oliveros, hydrographised the twin channels of the beautiful river, explored the queer bamboo city, and dug and delved into the tumuli until we were satisfied, and during dinner, with the baptismal font of our church hotel for a dining table we were discussing the doctor's proposition to proceed towards Ica on the following day, when we were suddenly and strangely interrupted.

Twenty stalwart, fierce-looking fellows, bearded and belted, clad all in coarse, serviceable gray, wearing pistols and long knives, entered the church and came tramping up the broad avenue with shouldered arms in military order. Who were they? What was their errand? were naturally the first questions that suggested themselves, and finding no satisfactory response, we began a somewhat hurried scramble for our rifles and revolvers. The strangers halted within twenty steps of our deserted table, and their chief, a medium-sized, athletic-looking man, with a broad-brimmed, black sombrero, and remarkable fine eyes—all his other features so hidden in dark-brown whiskers, moustache and beard, that we could discover nothing of their character; came frankly forward to within three yards of the table, and doffing his black beaver, bowed respectfully, and addressed us generally as follows:—

"Your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for this unseemly intrusion. We wish—"

At the first word from the stranger's lips, Dona Isabelita uttered a quick, joyous exclamation, and sprang forward two or three steps; then stopped, stood still, bending forward, her arms partly outstretched, parting with parted lips, her fine features all aglow with excitement. At the word "wish," the stranger was interrupted by a glad cry—"*Ribardo—caro!*" Down went the stranger's sombrero—"*Gracias a Dios—Isabelita Caro mio!*" he shouted, and rushed in among us, seizing and fairly lifting the pretty Peruvian girl in his arms as if she had been but a baby.

There was no explanation of the scene need-

ed. We understood it all very clearly. But the love passages subsiding, we had from the stranger an introduction:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I am Edward Wade, Jr., from Vermont, ex midshipman, and late of the U. S. ship Independence. The Señorita Isabelita and myself are—very especial friends. I would have had her for my wife, but her foolish father eloped with her into the interior, and we lost each other. My father's death, leaving me sole heir to a respectable estate, called me suddenly home. As soon as I could arrange my affairs satisfactorily, I induced three Green Mountain boys, my companions here, to join me in a general Peruvian hunt—they for gold, silver, and pastime—I for my Isabelita. My success has been soonest achieved; but I shall continue with my comrades on a year's trading and prospecting tramp in the Interior. Will you join us, Isabelita?"

The girl turned quickly away from her bearded lover, went up to Juanita, took both her hands, and kissing her affectionately, said in a low, loving tone:

"I *do* love you, sister; but I have no need to go to *los Estados Unidos* with you now. My home and happiness *must* be with my—" the *husband* sunk to a bashful whisper; but it was heard by all our party, who were interested listeners, and to soon as the *bravos!* and "vivas" had sufficiently subsided to permit a hearing, Dr. Bond button-holed ex-midshipman Edward Wade, and leading him across to Isabelita, joined their hands, and said, semi-seriously:

"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, Edward Wade, to have and to hold—?"

"Hold on there yourself now, Doctor. Where's your gown and book?" interposed O'Harra. "What's the good of your palaver? Sure, you're not a priest."

"Hold your peace, Barney, can't you? Let the Doctor go on and marry them, you miser. D'ye think no one has a right to be happy but yourself?"

"Faith, if that's all the gentlemen and Dona Isabelita want to make 'em happy, let's pair off with 'em, darling, and save them the trouble of a wedding."

"Barney, you're a barbarian!"

"Proceed, Doctor—marry them as much as you can, and then—" Then what further Mumis would have proposed remained an unknown quantity, for Monteiro interrupted her with:

"I propose that Her Von Platen take hold and tie them up. He has taken orders."

"Orders for what?" Arline asked.

"For bugs and all sorts of creeping things. But I don't see how that's to make a mite of a priest of the man," O'Harra argued.

What Dr. Bond had begun as a bit of nonsense, we were beginning to talk of as a necessity; and the serious, acquiescent look of both the high contracting parties indicated that a bona fide ceremony would be entirely satisfactory to them. The ex-naval officer whispered something to Dona Isabelita, who, blushing like a rose pink, responded: "*Si Caro*," and then the handsome bearded Vermonter said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are willing and ready to be united. Can it be done legally?"

"Don't know about the legality of the affair," O'Harra answered; "but I tell you that among us we can hitch you together, morally and socially, as fast as rope was ever spliced or nail clinched. We can put you under bonds that will hold you together like an iron hoop till you shall find a regular priest, or licensed joiner of some sort."

"Yes, that's my opinion," the Doctor said. "So I'll go on as far as I can, beginning where I was interrupted, and then—" There was another interruption by Kate, who called—

"Wait a minute, Doctor. Let us have it all as regular as we can. Come this side with me, Dona Juanita. Señor Monteiro, you and Cesario stand up on the other side there. That's right—all ready. Now, Doctor—"

"Just a second now, Doctor, till I drill and dress the bridal brigade," Barney put in. "Now front—*face*. Eyes right. Take hands—centre—listen. Attention—the whole. Now, Doctor, do your duty as far as you know it."

And considering he had never been married himself, or married any one else before, Dr. Edward Bond made a very respectable demonstration; only there was more of medical than matrimonial advice in his official address, and finally, not quite understanding the limits of his capacity, he began to wander off into metaphysical logic, when O'Harra put a period to him:

"There, Doctor, that'll do for you. Now, if you please, I'll put the parties under martial law, and then let the others have a chance to turn in a screw all round. Attention—the centre! Now you, Edward Wade of Vermont, and you, Dona Isabelita, late Ninfa Marosa of Peru, being morally and civilly bound to each other through all time and eternity, if either of you shall in anything fall of your conjugal duties, or in the least turn traitor to the olive flag of Love, by the immutable law of matrimony and morals you are to suffer death or worse punishment. Love, Honor and Fidelity are to be your pass words for life. Now, Her Von Platen, let us have the Swedish version of marriage."

The bog hunting botanist began a brilliant exordium on the propagation of tender tropical plants, which Kate O'Harra cut short off, with an impatient:

"O, bother all that nonsense. It's time enough to take care of young plants when one has them. I want my dinner, and so does this Vermont whiskerando, who is looking more lovingly towards the table than his bride—so do his comrades, every one of whom would ten times rather cut into our cooked viands than kiss Dona Isabelita, beautiful as she is. I propose saluting the bride—all of you but myself—I am going to pay my particular respects to the bridegroom; and then let us finish our dinner."

Kate performed her part of the programme bravely, kissing the new husband promiscuously on both sides of his bearded cheeks, and then as near his lips as his monstrous moustache would permit; and the blushing bride having undergone the ordeal of salutation all round, we went back to our unfinished dinner, calling in the Vermont brigade and giving them seats among us, while Wade and his pretty Peruvian bride were placed at the head of the table between Dona Juanita and Dr. Bond.

It was a singular union—Peru and Vermont—and the ceremony throughout probably the oddest ever performed in any Christian country; but we were all seriously in earnest, and none more so than the parties principally concerned.

During dinner we learned from Wade that a battle had been fought near Arequipa, which had decided the political contest in favor of Echinique, who had been triumphantly elected President of Peru, and the party of Vermonters having done good service in the battle in favor of the new President, one of his first official acts had been one of gratitude, giving them a *pratique* or charter to explore and prospect the entire country during five years, with all advantages of free trade and the right to two-thirds of all the precious metals and jewels they should discover. Wade wound up his communication with the remark, while looking lovingly at his blushing Peruvian bride, that he had discovered one precious jewel that neither His Excellency Echinique nor any other man should have one-third of while he lived.

The day was given to the wedding festival, and on the following morning, having breakfasted, we took our departure from our church-hotel and the ancient city, accompanying the Vermont rangers as far as the opening of the valley, some five leagues to the northward, where bidding each other *adios*, we separated, the Wade party riding eastward towards Ayacucho and ours to the westward, our intention being to visit the *Agualhas*, a group of singular mineral springs situated some three leagues from the point of separation.

We had heard marvellous stories of the strange springs, but the half of their wonders had not been told us. We came to them a little past noon, and although the atmosphere along the road we had travelled was hot to almost stifling, we found within the little valley in which *Agualhas* are located, about two miles northwest from the main road from Ica to Ayacucho, a gentle breeze blowing and the temperature delightfully cool.

The site of the springs, of which there are more than a hundred in all, is in the centre of the valley, on a circular plateau, raised perhaps fifteen feet above the surrounding surface, covered all up its steep bank and outer circumference with pretty shrubbery and a growth of luxuriant grass, the level surface having growing on it forest trees of larger girth and greater altitude than any we had seen in Peru.

Among the great trees, so scattered that the surface beneath and between them presented a carpet of grass beautifully green, the springs were distributed promiscuously, some quiet silvery surfaced pools, colored with magnesia; others, pure—transparent as ether and cold as ice—more bubbling and boiling at a temperature of two hundred and thirty degrees; one of these *boilers* having its position perhaps within a few yards of an ice cold fountain, while in two instances we found great boiling pots that bubbled and fumed furiously, puffing like asthmatic high pressure steam engines, situated between springs of clear, cold, limpid water, as pure as water ever was.

Some of the fountains were so thoroughly chalybeate that they were literally liquid iron. Others, both hot and cold, boiling and quiescent, contained alum; several were strongly impregnated with sulphur; while others were almost as white as milk, with a solution of lime and soda. Many of the springs were miniature fountains that a broad-brimmed sombrero would almost cover, while others were four, five, and a few as much as six yards in diameter—every one, great and small, overflowing and sending streams of various dimensions in little eccentric channels, winding outward among the great trees, till reaching the circumference of the plateau, sometimes singly, in other instances several united in one, trickled, dashed and fretted in tiny cascades down the abrupt slope, making with the green outer circle, the great branching trees and bubbling fountains distributed among them, a picture as singular and withal as beautiful in its way as one can find in any country.

With the return of warm weather a change of diet should begin. To avert the unpleasant, languid feelings of which so many complain, relinquish sausages, pork, buckwheat cakes, mince pies, and similar indigestible food. Meat once a day, and then in moderate quantity, is sufficient. We have known instances in which constitutions seemed to be renovated and sound health produced by an entire abstinence from meat for two or three weeks in the spring of the year. Boiled hominy and Graham and rye bread are excellent substitutes for the almost universal breakfast biscuits, made of fine flour, which are in such general use. Lettuce, watercresses, cranberry sauce and sliced oranges upon which sugar has been sprinkled, are not only excellent accompaniments to a summer breakfast, but conducive to good health.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.—There was recently celebrated in Canada a marriage, at which seven clergymen officiated. The New York Post very properly remarks with regard to this superfluous ceremony: "Would it not be sensible to avoid unnecessary expense as marriage ceremonies, especially when the waste makes boarding instead of housekeeping compulsory? It takes, it seems, seven clergymen to tie a couple together whom one long milliner's bill may shortly put asunder. We are getting to be as ostentatious as the Hindoo, whose marriage ceremonies last four weeks, and often exhaust the resources of the unfortunate parents of the unhappy bride and bridegroom."

☞ AN ENGLISH APRIL FOOL.—The following "marriage" was inserted in a Durham (Eng.) paper, without the slightest suspicion being aroused by its date:

At Perion, April 1st, the Count de la Terriere, of Howlton Hall, near Barking, to Tabitha Felicia, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Pussy Cait, formerly of Catterick Bridge, Yorkshire.

☞ Two cents are required of those who use the new Broadway bridge in New York—as cent and *de-cent*.

☞ The regular population of the Paris Exhibition buildings, exclusive of visitors is 15,000 people.

☞ "Onions," says Dr. Hall, "are one of the most nutritious, healthful, and delectable articles of food in our markets."

☞ The Faber family have been making lead pencils since 1670.

☞ DOCTORING TO SUIT PROFIT.—Among the medical profession in New York there are ten men whose practice is worth thirty thousand dollars a year, and twice that number who have an income of twenty thousand dollars.

☞ Wm. B. Aster owns real estate worth sixty-five million dollars, and is constantly buying more. He never sells any.

☞ The Russians speak of the United States as "The great empire of the two oceans."

☞ It is asserted that a lake larger than Lake Superior exists in British Columbia, north of the latter. As the story goes, the existence of this new lake has been concealed by the Hudson Bay Company, but it is probable that the new government of Canada will have that region thoroughly explored. The lake is named Nooplgnos, and abounds with fish and its borders with game and fur animals.

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies—In my former letter to you I trust that the lack of physical culture among our women was made apparent. Now for the reasons for this. First among the causes stands the lack of muscular development. And why this want? Simply because muscles, like minds, are developed by use, by activity. Women, with languid air and despondent tone, say, "We have no strength." And why? Because they have not worked and earned it. That is, they have not worked in the way which makes muscular tissue. American women, as a class, are not indolent, but very active, while much of their time is given to those pursuits which excite and exhaust the nervous system, but do not develope muscular power. Little as we think of our four hundred and fifty muscles, they really form the larger part of the human frame, save in those burdened with an excess of adipose tissue.

Now, if we permit these four hundred and fifty muscles to become weakened from want of appropriate exercise, we certainly can not keep good physical balance. By these we breathe, work, walk, talk, and can not even wink without their aid. Muscles are made up of fasciculi, or bundles of fibres, each bundle being composed of small fibres, while each fibre consists of small filaments, or threads, inclosed in a delicate sheath. These are supplied with artery, vein, and nerve. But a better idea of the fine, firm filaments which make up our muscular system can be got by examining boiled beef or the leg of a fowl, than from any description that can be given. Perhaps our reverence for this part of our organization would be so increased that we should take better care to cultivate it, if we comprehended its delicacy and its power, its simplicity and complexity, so wonderfully combined. Not only the wisdom of the Great Father, but His tenderness toward us is shown in this, as well as in every other part of our frame.

As a sex we are inclined to value muscular power too little, and are more ready to cultivate any other quality than this. Feebleness should be regarded as a "feminine failing" rather than a "fashionable accomplishment." Not that I would prove that a wife should be a match for her husband in physical power. It is an old proverb, that "Comparisons are odious;" so to me are all measurements of moral, mental, or muscular strength between men and women. We may as well talk of the quality of books and eyes as the equality of the sexes. Each have their peculiar gifts and their need of help from the other.

Now, the trouble appears to be that our girls have been so busy growing good, agreeable and intelligent, that they have neglected the physical, the true foundation to make these graces a happiness to themselves and a help to others.

A woman should not be a choice casket of charming accomplishments, too frail to even show them off to advantage, and thus give more anxiety than amusement—more care than comfort to those allied to her.

We should not foster the feebleness of our infancy. The pride of the father and affection of the mother love to meet all of childhood's wants. Early love sees in its fair but frail one all needed perfection of body or of spirit. The petted bride is all the dearer for her helplessness. Manly strength, when warm with its first love, is on the alert to see that its idol is not fanned too roughly by the breezes of Heaven; nevertheless it is true that the husband of many years asks that his companion may have health, strength, self-possession, steadiness of nerve and cheerfulness of spirit.

If my consultation-room told tales it could give many a case in confirmation of this. And not women only, but anxious husbands and fathers ask what can be done to save the loved ones from an invalid's life or an early death.

But the means I have to suggest are so simple that I fear you will turn away, not in a rage as Naaman did from Elisha, when told to go wash in Jordan seven times to cure him of his leprosy, but rather in indifference, because the means will seem so unimportant.

If I could "bid you do some great thing," instead of seven small things, such as common sense and the necessities of life commend, I should hope to cure you all at once. First, remember that the muscles of our growing girls should be strengthened by exercise as well as their minds. Childish instinct prompts to this, and would complete the good work begun, were not little misses so early fettered by fancy fixings. Between the necessary care not to harm the dress, and the confinement induced by its style, there can be little happy, healthful sport, such as give strength to the body and cheer to the spirit. The young of this generation suffer more from lack of exercise than those in the past. Their mode of dress is more elaborate and allows less freedom of motion; then, too, in earlier times growing girls, more than now, helped their mothers about house-work, which, within proper limits, is the best exercise ever given girlhood or womanhood. It not only develops the body, but cultivates energy, economic sense and self-reliance, which are indispensable to good health and true mental balance. Whoever works cheerfully at useful manual labor, takes in knowledge at the very tips of the fingers—yes, good health and a good spirit at the same time.

Did not our Divine Teacher shed a sweet halo over all the economies of life, when He said to His disciples, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," and that, too, when by His word He fed the five thousand with five loaves and a few small fishes? Should not this incident, so sublime yet so simple, strengthen and cheer every woman in the exercise of domestic economy?

Did not the same Saviour from sin and sorrow say, "Let him that would be greatest be servant of all?" More than this, He illustrated His teachings by washing the feet of His disciples, when their walk in sandals, over a dry and dusty way, made it a need for cleanliness and comfort. After the word and works of our Lord, shall we turn with contempt from any labor which meets any human need? I speak thus at length on this point, not only because work is necessary for the right development of body and brain, but to be done easily and healthfully, it must be performed in the right spirit. A little story to illustrate: A mother, having been absent from home at the dinner-hour, came into the dining-hall just as the tables were being cleared by busy hands. Among the working ones was her little, dark-eyed daughter, in blue-checked pinafore, who has used to gather up a suitable dinner for her mother, who was just then worn and weary with long watching by the bedside of a sick friend. After this the little girl went on gathering spoons, piling plates, and picking up fragments as before. Soon she turned musingly to her mother and said, "I have been thinking of Ruth's sweet words to her mother: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.'" As she finished this recital she added; "Mother, that is just the way I feel towards you—and I wish I could be of service to you, as Ruth was to her mother. But you are not in need, as Naomi was; and if you were, I should have no place to go and glean as she did." But said the mother: "You have just gleaned me a good dinner from what was left by others. Your are now gleaning bits of bread, potato and pudding, to be saved for the poor, who have no harvest field to go gleaning in like that of generous Boaz and so come here for what we can save for them. Even the little work you may do is preparing you to be more useful to me in many ways by-and-by. Little girls learn many things from books; but much knowledge must be taken in through their small hands, if they ever get it. If they wish to grow to be good as Ruth, useful as Ruth, they must, with ready feet and ready fingers, do whatever needs be done for the comfort of those around them. They will not have to glean sheaves of wheat or barley, but they will find gleaning as needful and as noble in every household—gleaning which will save a mother many a weary step, and many an anxious thought."

This little incident suggests some sober thoughts in reference to the girls of these days. Some of them promise well, and some seem preparing for a useless, sickly, selfish life. Amid the sterile hills of New England girls must work and learn to *love* work. In many sections of our country the rich fields with their ample harvests make the family support so secure that even farmers' daughters are excused from all energetic work. As for the fairy fingers in villages and large towns, they have less stimulus to wholesome industry and more temptation to folly, so that the good sense of many a *good* mother can not arrest the tide of vanity in her gay and growing girls. Young misses bewildered with beaux, brilliant silks, bright lights, and late hours, seem to feel often as if they could do without a mother and the mother without them.

Where is the young miss who runs the giddy rounds of fashionable life who will say, with sweet submission to the maternal voice, "All that thou sayest I will do," as did our ancient Ruth? Remember, Ruth lived in rude ages, was born and brought up in a heathen nation, but from her mother-in-law had learned to love the God of Israel. Many a daughter do we find, born in the best of families, baptized in the best of churches, taught in the best of schools, living under the light of that blessed Gospel which teaches that those who would be either good or great must serve; and yet, when her indulgent mother asks her aid in some needful domestic duty, turns away with a frown and a flaunt, saying, "I hate housework!" Truly, this ought not so to be. While we rejoice that girls now-a-days have both time and means for improving mind and manners beyond what their mothers possessed, still they should not be allowed to grow up mere birds of beauty, helpless and selfish. This will most surely be unless they are taught to work and made to work, and that, too, right early—almost as early as our little friend who, when scouring knives at seven years of age, was praised by a neighbor for skill in business, to which she quietly replied, "I was brought up to work!" That little girl is now grown up to be a young lady, and her beneficent sunshine thrown over a large household, of which she has charge, makes every one feel that she was well brought up.

Now do not dream that I think women should grow to be good housekeepers and nothing else. I only mean that not the overseeing but the doing of housework is the best of gymnastics, as a basis for physical, mental and moral strength.

"Woman's sphere is home," if she has one that gives her support and useful work; if not, it is anywhere she can find the two combined. It may be on the battle-field, in the hospital, or by the sick in her own city or town; it may be as artist, clerk or copyist, or as cook, seamstress or laundress in some other home than her own. Woman's right to labor gives her the privilege of doing whatever needs to be done, provided she can do it well.

As the study of Latin is a good start for a good scholarship, so a good home-training in housework is the best preparation for success in any other occupation. Why, then, this dislike for domestic duty—this prejudice against labor? Whatever our heavenly Father has made necessary to be done there is dignity in doing, if we do it well. Who, then, should be ashamed to wash, bake or sweep, when the cleanliness and the comfort of this life which God has given us demand that it be well done and daily done.

A few years since a lawyer came to our Care after his daughter, who had been with us for some months, and was greatly delighted to find her, in figure, in complexion and cheer so much improved. Before leaving he asked me "to tell him what to do to keep her in so charming a condition." I said, "Have her exercise."—"Well," he inquired, "how—on horseback?" To which I replied, "Riding is good, walking is better, and working is best." Just then a shadow passed over his genial face, and with a sigh he said, "My wife dislikes domestic work, and so has never brought up our daughters to do it." Then he added, "I know you are right. But while my clients heed my counsel, my house is not under my control." That woman may be competent to give and receive husbandly counsel, to keep a home and care for children, if they have this threefold blessing, let them be early trained to work. Should their ship in life be a single craft, they can sail all the more successfully if they have had this discipline.

But as you are all weary by this time of hearing of house-work, as well as doing it, we will turn to other means for muscular development. Dio Lewis's System of Light Gymnastics is more complete than any other yet devised, and better suited to the wants of women, whether weak or strong, sick or well. It is for girls what military drill is for boys in relation to health, strength and general bearing. These exercises are better than dancing to give ease, self possession, and a ready use of all the muscles. They develope the chest, strengthen the muscles that support the spine, improve the gait, and so do for the whole body what dancing does for heel and toe. Beside this they improve the voice, strengthen the lungs, help digestion, correct constipation, warm the extremities, give tone to the muscles about the hips, etc.

Dancing, according to the present mode, gives but moderate exercise, and may be called rather a pleasant diversion, an easy cultivation of the graceful, than a means of muscular development. If it could be held within proper hours, and with good surroundings, it might have a place among social amusements. But as it is, we feel about dancing as Pollock said of theatres;—"Many good and honest men maintained they might be turned to good account, and perhaps they might, but never were." So dancing might be a means of health; but between bad hours, bad dressing, bad eating and bad associates, it has been more harm than help to both body and spirit.

We are often asked about skating, and scarce know what to say. It gives both good air and good exercise, but it has many bad liabilities. Under its exhilaration our excitable girls, with little muscular tone, are apt to skate too long, and thus, when warm and weary, are liable to take cold from want of extra clothing or a warm place to rest. Then, aside from drowning, there are sundry serious accidents to which they are exposed. Since skating has come so much in vogue we have seen several cases of injured spines and sprained joints which will be slow of cure, and some are disabled for life. Walking, as an exercise, is by no means to be disregarded. Fresh air, change of scene, erect position, free inspiration, make it invaluable. No work, no exercise or amusement can take its place. To get the full benefit of walking one needs to be so clad as to give freedom to both the upper and lower extremities. But the dress question we must leave for some future letter. Horseback riding is good, especially for those with weak lungs, lazy livers, poor digestions, etc. Recently we have heard it recommended for spinal disease, and have read of a wonderful cure thereby. But it would seem, in this case, that the muscles which support the spinal column were simply debilitated. Hence the sitting erect and moderate exercise on horseback strengthened them.

We have known many seeming cases of spinal disease which all manner of appliances, such as setons, blisters, cupping and scarification, failed to cure while the patient kept close to bed, lounge or easy chair, that rapidly recovered under the discipline at a Water-cure without any of these helps, or rather hindrances.

For those who have become greatly enfeebled by disease or from lack of exercise, the Swedish Movements are an excellent aid. By this method the patient can have the circulation quickened and the muscles strengthened with little or no personal effort, the work being chiefly done by an attendant.

These varied aids are indeed valuable helps to meet the emergencies of invalidism; but can never alone develope genuine womanhood. Our preference for useful work as exercise is as strong as that of the toper for his favorite beverage when he said, "Water will do occasionally, but for a steady drink give me whiskey." Yours for the work, but not for the whiskey.—*The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture.*

☞ SUNDAY DARTS.—Says a writer in the Christian Era:—"We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom, an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humbler St. Paul's, that the former, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter, her friend, that she would go to church with her, to which she replied that she would have been happy to do so, only that *she was dressed for St. Paul's!*"

☞ There may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in positions.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The difficulty peculiar to females may be effectually prevented by the timely use of Holloway's Pills; such is the experience of humanity in all climes and countries; one trial will prove the fact. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES VERMEULE to Miss JENNIE MILLER, both of this city.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev Wm. B. Wood, Mr. DAVID W. WARNICK to Miss EMMA WEST, both of this city.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN REED to Miss RACHEL HOLMES, both of this city.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. LEROY B. PERSON to Miss XERSHIA STOW, both of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, of Phila., to Miss ALLEN RILEY, of Frankford.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev Wm. Cathcart, Mr. CHARLES V. WISE to Miss EMMA WYBURN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of May, Miss MARGARETTA HARE MORRIS.

On the 29th of May, WILLIAM S. HARTMAN, M. D., aged 35 years.

On the 27th of May, WILLIAM H. MOORE, in his 34th year.

On the 27th of May, RICHARD CAMPBELL, in his 26th year.

On the 27th of May, SAMUEL ATKINSON, M. D., in his 69th year.

On the 26th of May, Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES, aged 24 years.

On the 28th of May, EDWARD B. SEVERIN, in his 21th year.

On the 25th of May, CATHARINE DOWNEY, in her 30th year.

On the 25th of May, JOSHUA P. OWENS, in his 53d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent gratis to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

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Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

A SMALL WARBLER.

A little bird with the blackest eyes
Sits on a twig and nods at me;
Very merry he seems to be,
And wise.

I wish I knew what the fellow thinks
Saucily shaking his cunning head—
Whether it cannot all be said
By winks.

I wish I were of the craft as well,
Careless of morrows which come too soon,
Hearing the tales a golden noon
Can tell.

For I should tarry among the leaves,
Breathing no other than balmy air,
Seeing my harvest everywhere
In sheaves.

And then I should tax my brain no more,
Thick though the snowflakes chose to fall;
Knowing I have beyond them all
A shore.

Jewelry.

Your gold jewelry, if twelve or fourteen carats fine, as jewelry often is, is alloyed with copper and silver. It being made "half and half" is at first a red color from the copper. It is then subjected to the action of an acid which dissolves the copper on the exterior to a certain depth, leaving the gold in a spongy form, and imparting to the article the pure yellow color of virgin ore. After having been for some time worn, the superficial gold is removed by attrition, and the copper again appears; and the coloring process needs to be reapplied. Gold will bear a certain quantity of copper without any very perceptible injury to its lustre; especially when it is kept bright by use, as for example, in watch-cases, and the poorer qualities of gold work. In many articles the alloying process is carried to the farthest extent possible. Watch-cases have been made having but one quarter of their mass pure gold, yet resisting the action of acid by which gold is tested if the exterior is properly prepared. Alloys can be prepared with platinum, which is nearly proof against acid. Gold ornaments often consist of a thin shell, the interior being filled with some other metal, and are known in the trade as "Attleborough goods."

A WOMAN'S WORK.

BY ROBERT K. WEEKS.

I have seen her again to-day,
With the pale gold hair, and the eyes
Where the light of the sunset lay,
As it slipped from the perfect skies.

And the same still smile she wore,
That in heaven can hardly change,
Save to brighter, perhaps, than before,
As it ceases at last to be strange.

Yes, I saw her again, and am strong—
Strong to love and be true to the strife
Of my soul, that attempts to prolong
Its best moment, and make it a life,

Like to hers whom I love with my soul,
Though my love must be never made known,
Till the long journey ends at the goal,
Which for her sake I seek all alone.

All alone, but with joy, for I know
That 'tis better to climb for her love,
And to spend a whole life loving so,
Than that she should stoop once from above.

'Tis enough for this life of a day
That I love her, and say not a word,
But live like her, as like as I may,
Till the time comes at last to be heard;

When I meet her in heaven, that is,
And she smiles as I say to her, "Dear,
How I loved you on earth, know from this,
That I loved you, and followed you here."

A Lexicographer in Trouble.

Boiste, a name familiar to philologers and grammarians, was a celebrated maker of dictionaries, at which he worked with an enthusiasm almost unrivalled in that department of labor, and with a degree of success which brought him both reputation and profit. The great Napoleon gave him the post of royal grammarian, and the hard-working student received this flattering testimony to his merit just as he was concluding his grand dictionary of the French language. Very sweet were those concluding labors, and one may imagine the pleasure with which he corrected the last proof-sheets, and compiled with the customary form of sending complete copies to the censor of the press. Sweet also were his dreams that night, and the anticipations of the fame and the profit that should accrue to him from the publication of the elaborate work which in a few days would see the light. But, alas! never was the adage that speaks of "the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" more strikingly illustrated than in the case of poor M. Boiste. He had retired to rest one night after a pleasant evening with some literary friends, when, disturbed by a movement in his chamber, he woke up to his find his bed surrounded by a posse of *gensd'armes*.

"What is it, gentlemen?" said he; "you have assuredly made some mistake. I am M. Boiste, lately appointed grammarian to the Emperor!"

"Ah!" said the brigadier in command, "the very man we want. See, sir; here is the order for the arrest of M. Boiste, grammarian."

The order was in due form, sure enough, and it was but vain to appeal against it. The poor scholar had to turn out and dress, and in a few minutes was seated with his captors in a close carriage, driving rapidly towards the Castle of Vincennes.

Having arrived at the prison, the astonished captive was not without hopes that the obstinate silence with which all his inquiries had been met during the journey would no longer be maintained. He now urgently entreated to be informed of the reason for his arrest, at the same time protesting his entire innocence, and his known devotion to the Emperor. The official at first paid no attention to his entreaties; but at length, out of respect it may be for the prisoner's gray hairs, condescended to refer to the order of arrest, and, after perusing it, coolly answered: "To secure the public safety."

Poor Boiste was no wiser than before, but only the more perplexed. He was at once led off to a room fastened with an iron door and grimly grated windows, and there he was shut in, with the prospect of spending months, it might be years, in torturing his brain to discover how it could be that he, who had passed his whole life in the harmless avocation of arranging words in alphabetical order, could possibly have compromised the public safety. "It cannot be," he said to himself, "that I am arrested on account of my book; for it was examined three several times, was corrected and altered both by the chiefs and the subordinates of the imperial censorship, and everything to which they objected was struck out."

It was little use spending his days in conjectures that led to nothing, and nothing was to be got by indulging in lamentations; so he began to exert himself. He drew up memorials containing the strongest appeals, and addressed them to all the persons of influence with whom he was acquainted—reminding them all that he had really committed no offence, and that he only required to know the charge against him that he might clear himself.

But week after week rolled away, and not one of his letters was answered. At length one of the unfortunate prisoner's memorials fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the University of Paris, who knew the blameless character of the lexicographer, and had long held him in esteem. Fully convinced of the innocence of the man, who he knew had devoted a long life to the completion of dry and arduous labors, he watched for an opportunity of mentioning him to the Emperor. The great Napoleon happened to be in one of his gracious moods: he took from Fontanes the captive's written plea, read it over, and agreeing with him that there must be some mistake, summoned the Duke of Otranto to his presence, and demanded an explanation. Fouché knew no more of the matter than they did, and professed himself quite as much surprised at the arrest of Boiste as Boiste could have been to be arrested. True, there was his signature to the order; but then, as often happened, he had probably signed the paper when it was laid before him without reading it. He could give no explanation, and now, in his turn, he summoned the prefect. The prefect had no explanation to give, really knew nothing of the business, and he sent for his deputy. The deputy, after a search of some days, did contrive to rummage up the original of the fatal document. He hastened with it to the Tuileries, and then it was discovered that it had been drawn up upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually accused Boiste of having characterized Bonaparte as a spoliator. The document afforded no information as to how, when, or where the offence was committed. The censor was immediately ordered to put in an appearance; but he happened to be three hundred miles off, engaged in his periodical tour of inspection and superintendence of the provincial press.

"Let the prisoner himself be examined," said Napoleon. "It must be a blunder of some one's; for, not to mention that Boiste is incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense to insert calumnies in a dictionary."

Next morning Boiste was permitted to emerge from his prison, and was driven off to the office of Fouché, where he found M. Fontanes also awaiting him.

"Sir," said the Duke of Otranto, "you are accused of libelling the august sovereign who rules over this mighty empire."

"Me accused of a libel! I, my lord! Surely you cannot be serious? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book—never made one in my life, sir. Ask that gentleman, sir, the principal of our University. He will tell you that I know too well the significations and the power of words, to—"

"But, nevertheless," said M. Fontanes, showing him the accusation, but hiding the signature with his finger, "read this."

Boiste read it through as desired.

"Well!" cried Fouché, seeing the tranquil face quite unmoved.

"Is that all?" demanded Boiste.

"All!" said the duke. "Quite enough, I should think. I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake."

"No mistake at all. It is the truth."

"The truth!"

"Most certainly. I inserted it to do honor to the Emperor."

"To do the Emperor honor."

"Yes. To prove that he is as thorough a linguist as he is a warrior."

"Sir," said Fouché, impatiently, "we have no time for jesting, and you will find that this is no jesting matter."

"I have no idea of jesting, I assure you. I should not dream of taking such a liberty with your excellency."

"Then be so good as to afford us some explanation."

"Certainly—there is nothing more easy." Then taking a copy of his new dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it, found the word "spoliator," and pointed to the two words as they stood thus—"Spoliator, *Buonaparte*."

"And what," exclaimed the indignant functionary, "could have tempted you to such a foul libel as that?"

"Libel! I only gave his Majesty the honor that was due to him. I print his name after the word 'spoliator' as the authority for its use. It was he who first made use of the word; he did so in the Tribune when he was General Buonaparte; he coined the word in the first instance, and it was never known in the French language until he gave it currency."

Fouché looked at M. Fontanes, and M. Fontanes looked at Fouché, and both smiled in a rather subdued way at this simplest of all possible explanations. Boiste was immediately restored to liberty; but his artless attempt to do credit to the Emperor put him to no inconsiderable expense, as he was compelled to cancel the sheet that contained the objectionable word, and print it anew for the entire edition. And, indeed, considering the temper of the times, Boiste thought himself fortunate to get off so cheaply—especially as there were not wanting among his detractors those who did not scruple to insinuate that his professed tribute to the Emperor's genius as a linguist was designed for anything but a compliment.

How to Keep Butter and Water Cool.

"Now, missis, how can that drop o' water make the butter hard?" was Bridget's question one day, when she saw me put a half pound of butter into our glass butter-dish.

"I will tell you, if you will but observe."

"I do observe ye every day, m'm, but I'm none the wiser."

"Well, watch me once again. You see I put about half a teacupful of cold water into this soup-plate; standing in this is the butter-dish containing the butter."

"Shure, then, why don't you put the cowld water on the butter?"

"That must never be, because the water would soon get warm from the hot air; but I keep the hot air off by dipping this old table-napkin in water, placing it over the butter dish, letting the whole of the other portion of the napkin be tucked into the water in the soup-plate; then you see the water rises continually over the napkin, making the air which surrounds the butter cool instead of hot."

"Shure it's you is the clever one: but it's a terrible slight o' trouble, though the butter's as hard as a flint, an' it keeps swate, too."

"It's no trouble at all, Bridget, once a day to give fresh water, twice a week to scald the napkin and the butter-dish with boiling water; then, when cold, let both stay in cold water for an hour. And see the comfort you have."

"An' that's thrue for you. If I'd only been trained I might ha' been as clever as yourself. An' what's the use of all that melted saltpetre and salt round the filter? Won't water do for that as well?"

"No; because the filter is somewhat thicker than this table-napkin, and the coldness of water is not sufficient. So you see I melt a handful of salt and a tablespoonful of saltpetre in a quart of water, place it in this shallow pan, then stand the filter in it; dip a wet cloth in water, then place it over the filter so that the edges of the cloth shall lie in the mixture, and all I have to do for a month is to renew the water in the pan every day, when you know the water which is daily put into the filter is as cool as ice."

"But why do you have the filter put in a draught?"

"Because the air in a draught is cooler, and as constantly as the surface of the wet cloth is dried by the surrounding air, the sides of the cloth being laid in the mixture causes the moisture to ascend, and thus prevents the hot air from approaching the filter. Now, Bridget, if you every marry, and wish to make the water cool for your family to drink, you need not have a filter. Just fill a pitcher with cold water; place the pitcher in a basin which has water in it; wring out a clean cloth in cold water; cover over the pitcher with the cloth, taking care that all the edges of the cloth are tucked into the basin in which you have stood the pitcher, and you need not trouble yourself more. In two hours the water will be deliciously cool."—*Mrs. Warren.*

☞ Proud characters love those to whom they do a service.

A Flight Through the Universe.

FROM "THE GREAT ARCHITECT."

Let us now turn our back upon the sun, which for the sake of comparison may be represented by a globe two feet in diameter, and let us in imagination wing our way across the space filled by the solar system. A short flight of 37 millions of miles brings us to a world which, compared with the two-feet globe, is no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, while it is so bathed in the sun's dazzling rays that it is not easily distinguished when viewed from our Earth. This fussy little planet whirls round the Sun at the tremendous pace of a 100 000 miles an hour, by which he proves his title to be called Mercury, the "swift-footed" of Mythology. The Sun being so near attracts it with prodigious force, and to counteract this destructive tendency a corresponding centrifugal impulse was absolutely needed. From the strength of these two antagonistic forces its great velocity naturally results. The adjustment is perfect. At a distance of 68 millions of miles from the sun we behold Venus, the brightest and most dazzling of the heavenly hosts. In comparative size, she may be represented by a pea. She is our nearest neighbor among the planets, and the conditions under which she exists recalls many of those amid which we ourselves live.

About 95 millions of miles from the sun we come upon another "pea," a trifle larger than the one representing Venus, and lo it we hail our old familiar mother Earth. Here we shall not now linger, but passing onward some 50 millions of miles we are attracted by the well-known ruddy glow of Mars—an appearance which may depend either on the refraction of light in its atmosphere, resembling what we ourselves often see at sunset, or on the prevailing color of its soil, which may be as highly tinted as our "old red sand-stone." The comparative size is that of a pin's head. Mars is a planet that has lived down a very bad character. For ages every star-poet, astrologer, and almanac-maker had an ill word to say about him, and all sorts of evil things, including "manslaughter, burning of houses, and warres," were ascribed to his cross nature. But truth has at length prevailed, and he is now established as an orderly member of the solar company. His mean orbital speed is 54 000 miles an hour—nearly our own pace—but, as he takes twice as much time to run round the Sun as we do, his year is consequently twice as long. Casting a glance behind we are reminded of the distance that now separates us from the Sun by the perceptible waning of his light.

We next spread our wings for a very long flight. In passing through the "asteroid" zone of solar space, about 260 millions of miles from the Sun, we may chance to fall in with some worlds so small that a locomotive could travel round them in a few hours. We know not very much about them except that their ways are eccentric and mysterious. They want the smooth round outline of the old planets. Their rugged and fragmentary aspect suggests that they may be the mere ruins of some mighty parent-planet, shattered into pieces by the Word of the Architect, and skillfully stowed away in space, so as to harmonize with the nice balancings of the solar system.

At length the shores of huge Jupiter are reached at a distance of nearly 500 millions of miles from the Sun. To carry on the comparison, he is a "small orange" to the "pea" of our earth, or to the two-feet globe that represents the Sun. His orbit is a path 3,000 millions of miles long, which he accomplishes in an "annual" period of nearly 12 of our years. The Sun's light has now shrunk considerably, but four brilliant moons or satellites, one or more of which are always "full," help to afford some compensation. These moons, distant though they be from our Earth, are not without their use to man, and there is hardly a well-informed mariner that leaves our shores who cannot occasionally turn them to account in settling his position at sea. The principal is extremely simple. The exact moment when one of these moons is eclipsed behind Jupiter's disk has to be noted, by chronometer rated to Greenwich time, and by a reference to the "Nautical Almanac" it may be compared with the hour at which the same event is timed for Greenwich. The difference in time will give the longitude, 4 minutes being allowed for each degree. If the eclipse be in advance of Greenwich time, the ship is to the east of that place; and to the west of it in the contrary case. Thus the good Lord has combined the lighting up of this far-off planet with a blessing to the inhabitants of our Earth.

Before we arrive at Saturn, in our "outward-bound" course, we have to pass through a space nearly equal to the distance of Jupiter from the Sun. We are now more than 900 millions of miles distant from the central pivot. Saturn's comparative size may be represented by an orange considerably smaller than the last. His year swallows up almost thirty of our own. The Sun, though hardly giving one-ninetieth part of the light which we receive, is still equal to 300 full moons, and is at least sufficient for vision, and all the necessary purposes of life. No fewer than eight satellites supplement the waning sunlight, besides a mysterious luminous "ring" of vast proportions.

Twice as far away from the Sun as Saturn, Uranus, represented by a cherry, plods his weary way. Although he has a real diameter of 35,000 miles, he is rarely to be seen from the Earth by the naked eye. His annual journey round the Sun is 10,000 millions of miles, and he consumes what we should consider a lifetime—84 years—in getting over it. His nights are lighted up by at least four moons that are known, but several others probably exist. The illumination received from the Sun even here is equal to several hundred moons. Our little Earth has now faded out of sight.

Only a few years ago Uranus was the last planetary station of our system, but the discovery of Neptune in 1846 gave us another resting-place on the long journey into space. Here, at a distance of 2 862 millions of miles from the Sun, we may pause awhile before entering upon the more remote exploration of the starry universe. We are approaching the frontier regions of our system, and the Sun's light and the power of his attraction are gradually passing away. Between the shores of our sun-system and the shores of the nearest star-system lies a vast, mysterious chasm, in the adjacent recesses of which may still lurk some undiscovered planets, but into which, so far as we yet know, the wandering comets alone plunge deeply. We stand on the frontier of the Sun's domain, and we are in imagination looking across one of those broad gulfs which, like impassable ramparts, fence off the different systems of the Universe from each other. It seemed needful that the Great Architect should interpose some such barrier between the contending attractions of the giant masses of matter scattered through space—that there should be a sea of limitation in which forces whose action might disturb each other should die out and be extinguished. In it the light flood of our glorious Sun gets weaker and weaker, and its bright disk wastes away by distance until it shines no bigger than a twinkling star. And the strong chain of its attraction, which held with firm grasp the planets in their orbits, after dwindling by fixed degrees into a force that would not break a gossamer, is finally dissipated and lost.

A FAREWELL.

I leave thee, dear, and fare-thee well;
The words are spoken now,
But could they harm thee as they fall,
Thou shouldst not hear them—thou.
Forget that once I had a part
In one fleet dream of thine;
And break the mirror in thy heart
That tells too much of mine.

Farewell! I have no further right,
No fonder word to say;
Farewell, my darling, may thy night
Be fairer than my day.
And should this memory, though the last,
Be overfraught with pain,
Put down the crystal of the past,
And do not drink again.

Allyle.

How few there are who know any thing about "allyle" yet, it some shape or other it forms a portion of the daily banquet of all the human race. The pungent taste of watercresses, of onion, horseradish, chivegarlic, leek, assafœtida, shallot, radish and common mustard, is entirely owing to a certain combination of allyle.

When onions are chopped fine, a pungent vapor arises, the effects of which are well known by making the eyes water." This volatile substance is a peculiar essential oil, or otto, so small in quantity that a hundred weight of onions, on being distilled, only yield two ounces. This substance is a combination of sulphur and allyle. It is remarkable that the characteristic burning flavor of this substance should prevail in plants so totally different as watercresses and garlic, etc., and that man should have selected them for food to gratify some peculiar instinct—some bodily want.

From the Frith or Fourth to the banks of the nile, the onion, the assafœtida, and all those plants which contain allyle, are esteemed as relishes. By Europeans, the assafœtida is considered unpleasant; but in Asia it is collected and sold as a condiment. Even among ourselves there is some difference of opinion respecting the use of those plants for food which contain allyle. The poor rarely require mustard to relish their beef; and among the rich it is considered the height of vulgarity to eat a leek or an onion. The general taste, however, for these plants may be traced to the most remote ages. When the Israelites were sojourning in the wilderness, they murmured, saying: "We remember the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

It appears that a certain portion of the allyle is essential to our health, and that like the instinct which induces us to eat salt, we have searched out those plants which contain allyle, and mix them with our daily food. We cannot exist without salt, nor can we thrive without allyle. It is a positive fact that those families who reject the use of those plants which yields allyle, such as the onion, etc., become degenerate, and finally extinct. Such is the penalty of fashion. The name of this active principal—allyle—has been given to it from the generic name (Allium) of the plant in which it is found.

False Pretences.

Really, in contracting matrimony, now-a-days, a man must take care that he does not buy a pig in a poke. The aptitude of this phrase will commend its homeliness. Wives are not to be had without money, and not to be maintained without wealth. The use of cosmetics is unclean ly. So is the practice of wearing false hair. Where do the chignons come from, but from the gaol, the lunatic asylum, the work-house, and—the dead-house?

When a man marries he should narrowly inspect the features of his intended bride to see that the most prominent of them are not artificial. But an ear, or a nose—a gutta-percha Grecian, which may have been superinduced on a natural snub—may be so cleverly constructed with relation to mere eyesight, as to equal the wigs that, as though designed to disguise rogues, are said, in snobbish phraseology, to "defy detection." Therefore it would be necessary to catch the lady napping, and see whether or no her slumbers were disturbed by thrusting a pin or needle into the suspected lineament, or dubious region. It is becoming expedient to apply the test for wives that used to be applied to witches.

Surely the law of divorce ought to be amended with a clause permitting dissolution of marriage in cases wherein the wife has obtained a husband by false pretences, such as false ears, or any other counterfeits of at least any vascular portion of the bodily frame, to the possibility of which there may be no end. For otherwise there will be no knowing, till it is too late, how much of a wife is really flesh, and how much mere plastic material. At the very altar it may now be a question whether the finger on which a bridegroom is placing a ring may not be made of gutta-percha.—*London Punch.*

SONG.

It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear:
Oh! take her answer, bonny bird,
That all the world may hear!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
And how she loveth me!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
And all the summer long
The other birds shall envy you
For knowing such a song!

☞ Frank B. Fisher committed suicide in New York, by shooting himself through the head. A note was found on his person saying that he was "demoralized by faro."

GONE AWAY.

I see the farm-house red and old,
  Above the roof its maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
  The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze into each empty room,
  And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is at my heart, at thought of those
  Who ne'er will pass the door again.

And, strolling down the orchard slope,
  (So wide a likeness grief will crave,)
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,
  Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
  They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis autumn—autumn with it all—
  And worse than autumn is my heart.

O leaves so dry, and dead, and sere!
  I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory lingered there,
  And summer's beauty touched the flowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape
  Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
  With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!
  O lingerings at the open door!
O moonlight rambles long and late!
  My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,
  The air of sadness and decay,
The moss that grows upon the sill—
  Yes, Love and Hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart!
  Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves forevermore, as they
  Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
  'Twere well if bravely, side by side,
You waited till the hand of Time
  Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate, and sigh;
  Some bitter tears will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye
  For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook,
  (In summer 'tis a noisy stream,)
Turn round, to take a last fond look,
  And all has faded like a dream.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NURSERY OF ST. PAGANS.

Good workmen, says the proverb, do not quarrel with their tools—a rule which, unless all improvements originate with the bad workmen, should have kept us still in the "stone age," with flint knives and bone arrow-heads. And although it is true that great results may be wrought out with scanty means, as when some poor half-naked Hindu jeweller, with his bamboo blowpipe and clumsy instruments, elaborates massive bangles and fairy chains, such as all the appliances at the command of European goldsmiths would fail to supply, there are tools with which it is hard not to quarrel—not tools of iron, or steel, or brass, indeed; nothing that can be ground and sharpened, and pointed and filed, and polished with emery and chamois leather, but tools of flesh and blood, with wills of their own, and souls of their own, for ever disturbing the calculations, and troubling the repose of the employer.

These flesh-and-blood tools, these fellow-creatures who do the bidding of a master—and the name is never given save to those whose task is to do evil for another's gain—have always been among the worst stumbling-blocks of statecraft. They have a terrible tendency to wound the hand that guides them, to recoil upon their owner, to prove fatal to him who wields them, like the Dwarf's Sword in the Saga. They renew the weird stories of those wretched men, sold to the Fiend, to whom the insatiable familiar demon came night after night, week after week, year after year, crying: "Work, master, work!—give me my task, or I rend thee limb from limb!" Even a Borgia cannot always break the instruments that have done their vile task, and have grown dangerous. There were two men on that pleasant English south coast where Shellton-on-Sea nestled, and St. Pagans stood lofty on its cliff, who began to learn this bitter lesson in a practical way—Mr. Marsh and Lord Ulswater.

It has been seen how Lord Ulswater treated Mr. Marsh, and how Mr. Marsh in turn treated Huller, the pauper ward-master, gate-porter, or whatever else he might have been, at Shellton workhouse. Both men acted on the self-same principle, that which the beast-tamer never dares to forget, as he moves, carrying his life in his hand, amid a cageful of those grim paws, and jaws, and gleaming eyes, by help of which he earns his bread. The same rule that a man must bear in mind if his dangerous livelihood be won by fearless self-exposure among brutes that hunger for his flesh and thirst for his blood, of necessity guides one who has human tools to manage. Keep the mastery over lion, and tiger, and panther, and they are but so many Great Cats, after all, ready to leap at your bidding, and to crouch and serve you for a footstool. So also with unscrupulous men and women; but these are the harder to understand, and hence the harder to deal with.

The peer and the surgeon had, each in his own way, asserted with complete success a certain amount of authority over an instrument, and had been prompt to nip rebellion in the bud. Could the shade of Machiavelli have hovered over Shellton-on-Sea and its neighborhood, no doubt but that the diplomatic spectre would have smiled a dark smile of approval on the superior tactics of Lord Ulswater. He had been firm in fact, but not insolent in manner. Never to cause needless irritation, never to pique and vex, to deal no light blows, but to wait till the stroke can crush—such were cardinal points of worldly wisdom ages before the great Florentine secretary wore swaddling-clothes. Mr. Marsh, on the other hand, had been brutal in his outspoken scorn for *his* satellite, and though old Huller had grovelled, morally, in the dust before his sneering censor, it was not at all wise to inflict unnecessary pain. It is not well to be hated, and especially not well to be hated gratis.

But John, Lord Ulswater, as he paced to and fro among the lonely rooms of the uninhabited portion of the abbey, was by no means easy in his mind as to the sageness of the part which he had elected to play. Once and again the doubt recurred to him that he had been wrong in dealing so sternly with Mr. Marsh. Whatever the nature of the bond between the bankrupt tenant of Number eight Cavendish Terrace and himself he could not deny to himself that to make the surgeon his enemy would be, not suicidal, for he might weather the storm, but a perilous folly. He had been hasty, perhaps, in rejecting the man's petition, ungraciously preferred, it was true, but not wholly unreasonable, to be granted a new start in life. He knew Mr. Marsh to be a clever man, learned, adroit, not too heavily ballasted with scruples to climb by backstairs influence, or to make each fresh family confidence a stepping-stone whereby to rise. His ambition was not unnatural. He was a better doctor than scores of West end oracles were. The dole of a little money, grudgingly given, thanklessly taken, was but a poor hold upon the allegiance of a man of Marsh's stamp, a man who, even in his degradation, felt the fierce thrill of imprisoned genius stinging him like Io's gadfly. "After all," said Lord Ulswater to himself, with a low laugh of mockery; "after all, my best chance might be to let the dog become Sir Stephen Marsh, Baronet and Royal Physician. He would have given ball, then, for his discretion. A golden padlock of fees would close his mouth famously. Gratitude, they say, means a lively sense of benefits to come. Well, if I try Marsh with a little of the sunshine that makes the traveller in the fable drop the cloak that he had held fast in rain and wind—yes, but I forgot the rest of that has eaten into him—too deep, perhaps—would it were deeper still, and that he were drowned in liquor, like Clarence."

With a momentary expression of disgust upon his handsome, clear-cut face, Lord Ulswater dismissed the subject. We are all inclined to bear with peculiar severity upon vices that tempt us not, and the gross excitement caused by excessive drinking was a swinish joy not likely to meet with much sympathy from John Carnac. The reformation of Mr. Marsh might or might not be possible, but at anyrate my lord had other matters to think of, other projects to pursue, other dangers to avert. There was one foe of whom he knew, compared with whom Marsh, let him do his worst, was but a very harmless reptile, a foe not to be bribed, or bought, or wearied out, or cajoled—but she was far away, beyond thousands of miles of the salt sea, on the other side of the world.

Some reminiscence, connected, it may be, with that distant and unseen source of peril, guided Lord Ulswater's wandering steps to that part of the disused wing of the abbey which abutted most nearly on the inhabited portion of the house. Here, before the door of a room, he stopped, laid his grasp upon the handle, and stood hesitating. "Yet, why not?" he asked himself peevishly; and with a violent jerk, he threw the door open, went in, and shut it. "I forgot that it would be dark," he said, in the same petulant tone as before, a tone very unlike that of his ordinary voice, and he made a movement towards the door, but instantly turned back, setting his teeth hard, and frowning slightly, as if angry with himself. Then he stood motionless, waiting until his eyes should become accustomed to the darkness. It was dark because the shutters were closed, and because the curtains were drawn, but it was not the utter blackness of a cave or a cellar; it was rather like the cool, dim chiaro-oscuro in which the sun-dreading Italians love to keep their large marble-floored saloons during the dog-days; and by slow degrees Lord Ulswater was able to distinguish the objects around him.

One by one they rose before his vision, as if seen in the magic glass of some enchanter, the outlines of the inanimate things amid which he stood. The chairs, the sofa, the tables, the presses and cumbrous chests of drawers stood out clearly against the background of shadow. Last of all, the great bed, with its heavy hangings, its carved posts, its fringed canopy, became discernible amid the gloom. A gloomy bed, but a splendid one, for the nursery of St. Pagans was not as other nurseries, no mere clean, cheerful, airy room, where young children might prattle and play, happy in the fresh joy of space and light: it was a room of sullen, dull magnificence, in which a sovereign of England had slept, in right royal pomp, but where childish joy, and childish sport, and the light life of childhood, found little countenance from the surroundings. Here Guy, who should have been Lord Ulswater, had lived, and here he had died.

Yes, here, on that bed, had died the infant son of Reginald, Baron Ulswater. His death, or the hour before his death, Lady Harriet, his great-aunt, had described to Ruth Morgan. This was the very room. There, beside the table, in the great chair, no doubt, had sat the boy's nurse, that beautiful, fierce, reserved young woman—she whom the Honorable John Carnac had recommended to his brother's service as his nephew's attendant—that steady, careful waiting-maid, whose strange likeness to the Hebrew Jael that slew Sisera, Lady Harriet Ash had taken to heart so keenly. Yes, there she had sat, watchful, in her dark beauty, a lithe young panther, and that lamb so nigh.

He stood in his uncle's way, the helpless boy who should have worn the Ulswater coronet. He was weak Reginald's son. He had no mother, only good, stiff Lady Harriet, whose devotion was to the sickly father, not to the rosy child that had so little a breathing-time in this our world. He died—died—died. Reginald, Baron Ulswater, a feeble, frail-bodied lord, who grew weaker, as others grow stronger, year after year, died too; and John Carnac had the rank and the lands.

Yes, there was the grand old bed, with its embossed coronet and the Carnac arms—won on a bloody battlefield—in dead gold; and the tapestry-work done by deft and patient fingers, long since turned to dust, bone and flesh of them; and the hangings of gorgeous brocade, wrought, perhaps, when Mary of Burgundy was princess over the looms of Ghent; and the wood-work done by artists who had worked for the rich monasteries of unreformed England. There it was. Under that coronet, under that escutcheon, beneath the gold and silk of the canopy, the child had died.

John, Lord Ulswater, stood gazing on this stately couch with eyes that never wavered, proud, hard, pitiless. The great sorrow that had shortened the life of his ailing, elder brother, the beautiful child's death, had been a gain to the heir of title and estate—no doubt of that. But it was a sad heritage. The bright glorious youth, of whom most men and all women said that it was pity he were not head of the House, was now its chief, but it was a great shipwreck of fond hopes that had landed him in his place of honor.

The nursery at St. Pagans was now a room held accursed—not wholly, no doubt, because the child had drawn its last breath there, though that, with its effect on Reginald, Lord Ulswater, so soon to follow, had been the immediate cause. But there had been other deaths in that room; other deeds were rumored to have been done there, crimes of long-ago, sufferings of the old, cruel, shameful past, had taken place within those four walls. A strange half-crazed cynic was he, the Wicked Lord, who first made this ex-royal chamber the nursery of St. Pagans. No one ever came to this sad room, save only the housekeeper on her monthly tour of inspection, with her rustling silks and her prim cap, and her squadron of maids at her heels, ready, with besom and duster, and brush of feathers, to keep the rooms free at least from the spider. There were no spiders in the haunted nursery—not a gossamer-line of cobweb spanned the space from cornice to chimney-piece or from wainscot to floor. But the girls who did the work were always uneasy and frightened, peering over their shoulders, cowardly, even in the noonday sunshine, and reluctant to be left alone. They could brush away the cobwebs and the dust, but they could not clear away the dark memories that clung, bat-like, to the dim old room.

"Ay, there he died. Pity, too—so fair a child—no elf-changeling like his father—had he been mine!" John, Lord Ulswater's voice, always rich and powerful, grew sweet and mournful as he concluded. He stood quite still, looking at the bed with the brocaded curtains and the rich escutcheon. He looked long and steadily, and by the working of his face it might have been thought that there rose before him, not merely the empty bed and the heraldic device, but the child's face, worn by illness, but frank and bold to the last—a bright, lovely face, with the curls clustering thickly about the broad, white brow. There the child had lain, beneath the proud escutcheon of his race. There, at the table, had the nurse watched and waited, the lithe, dark, beautiful creature, whom the household of St. Pagans knew as Mrs. Emma Fletcher.

Lord Ulswater turned on his heel at last; slowly, and with no sign of discomposure, he turned to go. Without any unseemly hurry or hesitation, he left the room. On the broad shallow steps of the grand staircase, he paused. "Was John so very vile?" he said, sneeringly. "Young Arthur, no doubt, should have been King of England, Duke of Normandy, Bretagne, and the rest. But— Ah! it was a great prize. I suppose my namesake thought it worth the keeping. I suppose I am like him—somehow."

Yet an impartial observer might have thought that John Carnac, Baron Ulswater, looked more like Richard of the Lion-heart than like the cruel, cowardly, under-sized John of England, as he went slowly down the great staircase. And how can we be sure that Richard, flower of chivalry, hero of romaunt, robber, ravisher, homicide, no less than knight-errant, poet, and minstrel, would have been true liegeman and faithful protector to a boy-nephew!

Something of the old ruthless spirit must have been shining in Lord Ulswater's eyes as he stood on the last step of the stairs, and met Miss Morgan, leaning on her maid's arm, as usual, face to face; for she started and changed color, for all her usage of society and its steady discipline of the emotions. There are very stately gentlemen who walk Bond street and Pall Mall, and who have something of the unscrupulous nature of their old sea-roving ancestors—a dash of the Viking—yet left in them, that only peeps out on abnormal occasions—a Cremorne row, a prize fight, perhaps a hanging, possibly a stormy debate and mutinous division in the House—but now and then the ancient Adam, the antique throat-cutting, house-burning, buccaneering instinct lifts its head from under a load of civilization.

Probably, for an instant, while Lord Ulswater was yet under the influence of his recent thoughts, there may have been something in his face that could not have failed to strike and startle so quick and keen an observer as Ruth Morgan; but it was gone in a moment. The cold, precise frost of conventionality, the wonderful elastic mask that we all wear from the nursery to the grave, closed over the rift that had betrayed John Carnac's inner nature, as a sudden cracking of the crater-lip shows the dull crimson, the vivid scarlet, the bright yellow, of the fires within.

"I have been among the ghosts, Miss Morgan," said Lord Ulswater smiling, and kind as ever; "I like to look at the old rooms now and then.—Shall you drive?—No.—Then can I do anything for you, or say anything to our friends at Shellton Manor?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEALS WITH FLORA HASTINGS.

There is something to be said, perhaps, in favor of the Mohammedan canon which forbids all courtship before marriage. Some poetical or philosophical apologist for harem-life—Lord Lavant, for instance, or Captain Hadji—might work the mine of thoughts therein suggested with much plausibility and profit. The honest, downright plan of wife-buying, of making large presents to the parents of an unseen maiden, whose very photograph is to us as a sealed book, and whose charms we must take on trust from the report of some old female wedding-broker, has some merits of its own: it saves trouble; it prevents accidents. There is no risk that eligible suitors, men who can, like the Roderigo of Shakspeare, put money in their purse, should be jockeyed by odious detrimentals or thwarted by feminine caprice. The money is paid, the sweetmeats and sherbets are got ready, the lambs are roasted whole, and lo! to the sound of drum, and fife, and cymbal, amid howling of women and banging of gongs, the bride is escorted in great state and dignity to the house of her future husband, and Mollah reads the half-dozen Koran verses, and there is an end of the matter.

It would have been well, at anyrate, for the rich and envied young gentleman now canvassing the independent electors of Oakshire, if such oriental practices had prevailed in the England of Queen Victoria; for surely, in that case, Fortunatus Morgan, armed cap-a-pie in armor of pure gold, could surely have had nothing to fear from the opposition of earthly rival; his heavy purse must have turned the scale as well as the strong sword of Brennus could have done. All would have gone as he should wish, until at last the happy day should come, and bring with it, amid salvos of matchlocks, showers of rockets, and shouts of a multitude of ribaud-loving parasites, the gilded litter of the bride, to be borne triumphant to her new home.

But matters do not always proceed, in our British marriage-market, quite so smoothly as might be wished. The discipline is not so perfect, the etiquette less strict, and human hearts and human wills assert themselves, now and then, to the distress of wise old heads and the bewilderment of giddy young ones. Accidents, as we know, even before the dawn of Mr. Tupper's verse, cannot be wholly eliminated from the routine of even the most respectable of families.

So William Morgan was away, winning the suffrages of county electors, and meanwhile the treasure to keep which he would have given half his wealth lay unguarded to invite the spoiler—unguarded in fact, though not in theory, for, in addition to that poor little dragon, Ruth Morgan, who was zealous but powerless, were there not other dragons, who had teeth and talons wherewith to do battle, and who ought not to have been blind to the danger so near at hand. The Right Honorable Robert and his experienced wife were not the sort of simple, unworldly parents who think no evil because their lines have been cast in pleasant places and among humdrum folks. But it came to much the same thing. They were deaf and blind in their worldliness, secure in their own deep knowledge of those around them, and if they had a fear, it was of some change in Fortunatus Morgan, not in their daughter. "If the fellow dared!" the Right Honorable Robert had said one day, in answer to an obscure hint from his wife that perhaps their son-in-law elect might be immeshed in other silken fetters than those of Flora Hastings, should he stay too long away, exposed to the wiles of the artful matchmakers of Oakshire—"if the fellow dared!" The minister did not conclude his threat; but his angry voice, and angry eye, and the sudden swelling of the big veins on the wrinkled forehead, were as perfectly intelligible to Mrs Hastings as if he had spoken to the extent of four columns of small print. In truth, it would have been a rash act in such a one as William Morgan to play fast and loose with his engagement with a young lady whose father was knit in the strictest bonds of red tape and blood-relationship to the governing families of England. Such a step would be, politically, the cutting of his own throat. Mr. Hastings—the Right Honorable Robert Drummond Eliot Hastings—knew well enough what engines he could set in motion to crush the parvenu pretender to a leadership in the councils of England, should the latter be mad enough to offer such an insult to the caste of high hereditary placemen.

But it did not occur to Flora's parents to watch Flora herself. The girl was a good girl, so they averred, in tones of quiet self-congratulation, not one of those troublesome young women who gave their chaperons anxiety. There was that poor Countess of Stilton, for instance, always tormented by the difficult necessity for doing her duty by skittish Lady Annabel, whose infatuation for penniless, characterless Tom Jekyl, once of the Rifle Brigade, but now vehemently suspected of living on his talents at écarté and on the turf, had caused immense amusement to the wicked world, and annoyance to the noble family. There was Lady Laura Madcap, who had actually eloped with her music-master, but who, by great good luck, had been overtaken by her brother, in consequence of an opportune break-down of the train that was bearing the truants Gretna-wards. The evil example of these young persons was not likely to be followed by a girl of Flora's excellent principles and docile nature, of that her parents were assured.

Meanwhile, Lord Ulswater's visits, rare at first, had become frequent, and at last constant, so that very much of his time was passed at Shellton Manor. The transition, though rapid, had been gradual. It had seemed so natural that the intimacy between the families of Carnac and Hastings should increase with the opportunities for easy intercourse which country-life affords to those who in the whirlpool of London fashion can seldom meet, that no one wondered that the owner of St. Pagans should be continually at Shellton.

Flora Hastings could hardly have been in more dangerous society than that of her neighbor from the abbey. Handsomer men, even, than John Carnac, younger men to a certainty, and such as were reputed more fascinating, she had known and danced with in London, and not one of them had had the power to touch her heart. But she was not in London now—she had left the quick, hurrying round of pleasures, so thickly crowded together that they ceased to be pleasures, and became parts of a task that never seemed to end. Then the constant succession of new faces, each of which appeared to blot out the memory of its predecessor, prevented her thoughts from dwelling on any individual image. So her engagement had been rendered possible.

She was going to marry—she hardly knew why, but she believed that it was her duty so to act—she was going to marry Mr. William Morgan. He was very rich. That fact had been dinned into her ears so very frequently, that she could never divest her lover from a sort of golden haze that clung to him whenever she looked at him, and through which he loomed, as Midas might have done, auriferous, cash-compelling. He was a good young man, virtuous, well-principled, excellent in every relation of life—so Flora Hastings had been told, though with less iteration than when the all-engrossing topic of wealth gave loose to her mother's tongue. Obviously, to be good was held an easier matter than to be rich. Had William Morgan been poor, he might have eclipsed the virtues of St. Anthony without being deemed worthy of much mention. But he had lands and houses, he had scrip and shares, and stock and debentures. No imagination could quite soar to the tremendous total of his wealth. Being so very rich, it was a crowning merit in him to be so very good. He was not personally disagreeable. Flora liked him, respected him, and perhaps liking and respect are better foundations than those which prop up some fashionable marriages.

We manage these matters better in England than they did in Circassia, before Russia made an end of the poor Toherkesses. They said, those Caucasian fathers and mothers: "Amina, my dear, there is an offer for thee. Thou art bought and sold, my child, and Backaheeb Pasha is the purchaser." But we of the polite western world do better than that. We do not say: "Dora, my love, you have been knocked down to the bid of young Corncobs, or young Smallcole, or old Sheepshanks the Australian squatter, who has a quarter of a million of mutton grazing upon government lands rented at a farthing an acre"—no; we are wiser in our generation. We point out the merits, pecuniary and personal, of young Corncobs, or young Smallcole, or that dear Sheepshanks, and hint not obscurely at our own displeasure, anger, affliction, if Dora is not ready to love, honor, and obey either of the three. It is her duty—her duty—and we wax awfully stern and impressive, and Dora is brow-beaten, hoodwinked, frightened, bribed into forgetting young Charley, the briefless barrister-cousin; and she goes up with six bridesmaids to the altar, and is Mrs. Sheepshanks of Gashslungs, of Lostacres, in the county of Hants, and of Eaton Square, thenceforth and for ever.

So it was the duty of Flora Hastings to be the wife of William Morgan.

But William Morgan was away—and there was John, Lord Ulswater, ever at Shellton—handsome, glorious, grand John Carnac, king of fashion, almost the champion of his party, the man for whom hopeful prophets predicted a name that should last as long as our English language should endure to record it. When he spoke, a thrill ran through her. When he touched her hand, it trembled like a bird, timid, but joyful in its fearful love. The sound of his rich voice sent a tremor through her that she had never, never felt before. The glance of his eye had a magic that she learned now, for the first time, the old, world-old magic, that has made millions feel as Flora Hastings felt now. Yes, William Morgan was away, canvassing Oakshire, and the girl whom he valued more than fifty county constituencies was thinking by day and dreaming by night of John, Lord Ulswater.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RECOGNITION.

"Police are traps, are they, Billy, my boy? traps, eh? Then quite right and proper on your part, William, to come down and rusticate in the country for a while; and dutiful, too, to remember your father and your native place," said, or, more correctly, hiccoughed the old pauper, Huller *père*, tinkling the teaspoon against the sides of his nearly empty tumbler. Mr. Huller had obtained leave of absence from his parochial duties; it was easy for a man like himself, a member, so to speak, of the Uncovenanted Civil Service of his parish work-house, to obtain such leave. And he was spending the golden summer afternoon, much to his taste, in imbibing strong liquors, to be paid for by his hopeful son, at the sign of the *Three Jolly Fishermen*.

The *Three Jolly Fishermen*, the dusky effigies of whom, swinging on iron hooks above the outer door, had been so battered and maltreated by age and rough weather, as to present few discernible features beyond one red cap and a villainous leering face beneath it, was not a house of very good repute. It was one of those hostelries at mention of which, on licensing-day, the assembled magistrates shook their heads and hesitated to renew, but did renew in spite of their hesitation, because the tavern belonged to the local brewer, and the local brewer was of the quorum. A low-browed, ugly little public it was, very old, yet promising, like some surly little old man with broad back and bowed shoulders, to outlive many younger and more graceful compeers. Its heavy beams, stout walls of flint stone and hard mortar, and small windows with little panes set in lead, behind which were thin red curtains, gave it a character of its own quite alien to that of the modern gin-shop, with its brightly painted casks and its ostentatious plate-glass.

In the tap of this delectable house of entertainment there were no customers but young Huller and old Huller. The house did a good business, but almost entirely at night; and in fine weather and the summer season, it was only on cattle-market days that there was any influx of company before sundown. To quote, however, the language of the landlord of the *Three Jolly Fishermen* himself, "all was fish" that came to his ready net. Welcome were thirsty drovers, thirsty mariners from collier brigs beached on Shellton shingle, thirsty soldiers from the Shellton barracks, tramps, trawlers, hawkers, harvestmen, and foreigners of the organ-grinding art and mystery. One touch of nature—that is to say, thirst, and such thirst as required to be slaked with excisable drinks—made the whole world kin to the landlord of the *Three Jolly Fishermen*, on the one condition, that the thirsty soul should be solvent.

Mr. William Huller was solvent. Work, in his peculiar line of business, may or may not have been "slack," according to the assurance which his glib parent had given to his patron, Mr. Marsh, but the younger man had money, and he stood treat most munificently to the author of his days. A strange sight to the moralist or the cynic would that parent and child have presented, had Asmodeus just then treated some philosophical Cleophas to a peep at the taproom of the *Fishermen*.

Old Huller was tipsy and maudlin, but cunning in his cups. It is the fashion to talk of seasoned vessels, as if any man were the less likely to get drunk because he had been drunk a few hundred times before. But, at any rate, Huller senior was not one of these case-hardened topers. He might more aptly have been likened to a sponge soaked in gin, a very moderate additional supply of alcohol sufficing to produce complete saturation. But there was craft in his watery eyes, craft in the furtive twist of his hooked nose, in the expression of his mean mouth; and he seemed, in his senile intoxication, rather to be looking out for some one to cheat than to be off his guard for the time.

The strong, bull-necked fellow sitting on the opposite side of the table was not drunk. A little flushed, perhaps, a little boastful; but not more so than thousands of gentlemen who have "dined," and found their tongues loosened by the process, but who would justly and indignantly rebut the accusation of drunkenness. William Huller was not the slave of strong waters, or, at least, his serfdom was not so confirmed as that of his papa, or even of Mr. Marsh, his papa's patron. And, besides, he was keeping sober for a purpose. It was his wish to draw his parent out, and make him talk freely on the subject of that very patron, and in his simple strategy he could find no better Open Sesame to apply to the parental lips than hot gin and water in copious draughts.

There was a wonderful contrast between the two men, notwithstanding the family-likeness that Mr. Marsh had remarked, a gulf between them not to be bridged, such as can hardly exist except between the taught and the untaught. Old Huller had been educated. Young Huller had studied criminal lore in the hulks, and had graduated at the Old Bailey. The old man, even in his degradation, had thoughts and theories at mention of which the young man could only have stared or laughed. The senior was a bad, crooked-minded old rogue, but he had read books with relish and understanding. The junior was a dull, passionate, small-brained savage, with a sort of brutish scorn for the culture that the learned set such store by. As the younger Huller sat fronting his father, he would have

served an artist as an admirable model for some picture of the coarser type of Roman gladiator, strong-limbed, deep-chested, with stern resolution on his scarred face, a muscular fighting animal sure to show sport in the arena.

The dutiful son making no reply to his father's chuckling commentary on some recent revelation from the former, Old Huller drank off the small quantity of gin and water that his glass contained, heaved a little sigh, and tinkled the spoon against the tumbler till it rang like a shrill but tiny bell. The founder of the feast took the hint, and summoning the potboy from his Domitian-like pastime of killing bluebottle flies in the front parlor, ordered fresh glasses, and gulped down a portion of his own half-consumed tumblerful. Then, when the steaming liquor arrived, and the shirt-sleeved Ganymede was gone again, the younger man spoke, in an amiable growl.

"He's a queer customer, that doctor chap we met. You know him well, don't you? He seemed to order you about pretty much as if he were captain of the gang, didn't he, dad?"

"Yes, Billy, yes; he is a little arbitrary, perhaps, is the doctor. But then he's workhouse medical officer, remember, and I'm only a poor man that the Guardians could turn out of his berth to-morrow without reason given. Of course, I must humor 'em, William; mustn't I humor 'em, eh?" was the pauper's reply; and he sucked in a fresh dose of his favorite medicine, eyeing his son the while with a sort of stealthy enjoyment.

The scarred face began to darken. Young Huller was growing weary of the task of pumping his affectionate parent for information that was never forthcoming. There had been ever since the mid-day meal, telling morally at the crank, and none the wiser was he for his trouble and his hospitality. He broke out in his more wonted way:

"Look here, old man"—and as he said it, he slapped the table violently with his heavy hand, making the spoons and glasses clatter—"look you here. I did come down to Shelton to keep snug, and maybe I wasn't sorry to have the chance of shaking hands with you again, dad; though hang me if I know why. You know best what sort of a father you were to me—"

"On principle, William, on principle. I always tried, my dear boy, to develope in your young mind the spirit of self-reliance and manly energy," interrupted the elder, cringing before his son almost as he had cringed before Mr. Marsh.

"If leaving a kid to shift for itself, and go to the devil its own way, if that's principle—stink your adjective principles!" said Huller *fils* very savagely, and with a strong imprecation and another sounding slap upon the table. "However, that's neither here nor there. I'm what I am, and you're what you are, and now for business. Don't try to gammon me about that doctor. There's something wrong, a screw loose somewhere, and he pays you for holding your tongue; that's about it, isn't it?"

"You are a conjurer, Billy—on my word, you are a conjurer," said old Huller winking, and wagging his unbonored gray head, as he lifted the tumbler to his lips. But he presently perceived that his son's determined face was waxing very stern indeed, and as it was his nature to bow, reed-like, to the blast of human anger, he made haste to mollify his sullen offspring. With engaging frankness he avowed that there was, yes, a reason why Mr. Marsh should notice him, Benjamin Huller. He obscurely hinted that he had rendered services to Mr. Marsh, which services had not been adequately compensated. He deplored his patron's ingratitude, but gave him credit on account of the temporary narrowness of the doctor's means. But patience had its limits, and there was, the pauper protested, a "party" in the background, a party well able to pay Mr. Marsh's debts of honor, if only a proper screw were put upon that moneyed individual. Finally, old Huller mentioned that he had a plan, or as he called it, in language more familiar to the listener's ear, "a plant—a very pretty plant indeed," maturing in his own wily brain; and should this seedling of Mr. Huller's wits come to perfection, the inventor pledged himself with a great oath that his dear boy Bill should have a part to perform, and a liberal share of the profits, called, for brevity, the swag. More than this, Mr. Huller would not say.

"And now, Bill, tell me something about yourself. How did they use you over there?" said Mr. Huller in smooth tones, jerking his thumb backwards over his shoulder as if to indicate Bermuda, Gibraltar, Western Australia, or any other place of enforced retirement for the criminal classes.

"Like a dog!" growled the strong man, with a very doglike snarl upon his coarse mouth. "Life aboard them hulks is enough to make any man into a sort of baited bull. Break the rules—irons and bread and water. Give a knock-down blow to a warder that nags your very heart out—the cat, and four dozen well laid on. So much as look black at an officer—cat again! They weren't half so bad, not a quarter of it, out in Western Australia; a chap might keep out of trouble there."

"You were at the diggings, too, lad, after your time was worked out?" said old Huller, inquiringly. "You never told me whether you did well at the gold."

But it appeared from such disconnected scraps of his free Australian experiences as the amiable Huller, junior, could be induced to impart, that he had been more of the bushranger than of the miner, and had found the gun or revolver more congenial to his taste than the pick and cradle. "Jumping a claim," he once or twice alluded to, certainly; and it seemed to have been the nearest approach to legitimate enterprise that dwelt in his recollection, unless a "grand grog-store in the bush," with its enviable facilities for harassing successful diggers, might be regarded in the same light. But the principal portion of Bill's regrets had reference to a certain promising scheme for "bailing up" the gold escort on its way to the capital, and which had failed through the treachery of one of the projectors.

"You've had a knock or two, William; a slice of the knife, too, if I'm not mistaken?" said his father, nodding blinkingly at the scars on the younger man's bronzed face.

"What o' that?" responded Bill, defiantly. "I gave as good as I got, anyway. Look at this," pointing to a dull crimson blotch, perilously near the right eye; "a darned black fellow thrust his firestick in my face. He meant to fire the hut, and there were a whole mob of the yelling black brutes at his heels, with spears and tomahawks, thinking to rush us four white men. We licked 'em. I brained that chap with his own tomahawk, him that burned that mark on me," pursued the ex-convict, evidently pleased by the reminiscence. "This knife-mark was done by a pal in a grog store. We had a big drink and got quarrelling. This other, a mere scratch. I got in Bermuda from a warder's cutlass. Those two marks"—laying his finger on two small, white dints below the left temple—"one of the adjective Australian police did that with the but-end of his carbine. It came very near cracking my skull, so the doctor said; but there wasn't one of them fellows, policemen or not, that had any chance to boast they beat Bendigo Bill."

"That's what they called you, William?" said old Huller, caressingly.

"That's what they called me. And I'm not ashamed of it," said his son, gruffly, as if to challenge contradiction.

Still it was evident that the younger man was proud of his scars, as a Comanche warrior might be of the scalps on his tent pole, and therefore his father, with an eye to more gin and water, as well as an instinctive wish to keep the present company in good-humor, resumed the subject of the son's prowess.

"You always were plucky, William, and a good one with your fists when you were only as high as sixpennyworth of half-pence. You've kept the game alive since you've been at home, I should say, by the look of that beauty mark—it's not half healed yet." And the old pauper pointed to a livid streak, newer than the rest, on his son's forbidding countenance: "That on the right cheekbone. Who did that?"

Up rose Bendigo Bill in a fury, upsetting his glass as he did so, and clutching his assailant's shirt by the collar of his pepper-and-salt coat, shook the old man till the teeth chattered in his head, as fiercely, abruptly, and vehemently as a bull-terrier shakes a rat.

"What do you mean by that, you old sinner? Who told you of that?" thundered the ex-convict, with a running accompaniment of oaths, such as only those who have taken their degree in the criminal universities could hope to improvise. But it presently became plain to the dull, angry man that his parent's question had been a guileless one; that the aged pauper was really quite innocent of any sarcastic meaning in his remarks. With something that was not an apology—for man of Bendigo Bill's stamp never apologizes—but which more resembled the expiatory process of swearing at himself, the dutiful son relaxed his grip of the pepper-and-salt coat, and old Huller, half choked, carried the tumbler to his lips with an unsteady hand.

"Never mind, lad. I'm not hurt," he said timorously.

"The man that did that," rejoined Bendigo Bill, after a pause, and speaking with a ferocious energy that made him almost eloquent, "he and I have got, yet, to square our accounts, and we'll do it when we meet again; never doubt what I say. He took me unawares, that sneak-up, white-handed swell; but I'll be even with him yet, if it's in court, before My Lord Judge and the whole boiling of 'em. I'll swing for that man, but I'll be revenged."

It was a singular proof of how very much the ruffian was in earnest, that he swore no oath, but simply said his say. In common discourse, his talk was garnished with strong expressions, such as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim may have listened to in leaguer before Namur, and the full force of which he probably no more realized than ordinary folks think of the etymology of the words they employ. But in his concentrated thirst for revenge, he forgot the explotives so often on his untutored tongue.

A long, awkward interval of silence, only interrupted by the tinkling signals of distress which the junior occasionally ventured to make with his empty glass and spoon, and then the redoubted Bendigo Bill spoke again.

"I'm going out," he said, bluntly; "I shall take a stroll, and think what to do. You had better go to sleep. I'll tell them to let you lie quiet for an hour or two; and when you've slept off the drink, you'd better get back to the workhouse. I'll drop in before dark. No, dad; no more gin, if you rattle that spoon ever so much. You've had as much as is good for you, I reckon."

So, leaving his papa to pass from the domains of Bacchus into those of Morpheus, and considerately leaving instructions at the bar of the *Three Jolly Fishermen* that the old man should be "let lie" as long as might be needful, this model son quitted the bestrewn doorway of the public house, and, with his hands in his pockets, made his sauntering way through the by-streets of Shelton, and so towards the sea. Hot gin-and-water in the early part of a sultry summer afternoon is not generally recommended by the Faculty as a clearer of the brains, or a beneficial tonic to the nervous and circulatory systems. But the ex-convict's health was perfect. He had one of those strong bodies that it takes time to wear out by contempt for the physical laws; and, moreover, he had been so much in prison, with the wholesome addition of hard labor, that his bodily powers were almost wholly unimpaired by alcohol swallowed during his freer moments. Sober, but brooding gloomy thoughts in his narrow mind, he strolled towards the sea.

The garroter, burglar, footpad, bushranger, and miscellaneous robber, known in the flesh as Bendigo Bill, might be acquitted of any sentimental liking for the sea, or of any enjoyment of the prospect which the dancing gold and purple of its measureless waters, dancing and sparkling in billions of ripples under a joyous summer sun, afforded to those who cared to look with loving eyes. In truth, he hated the sea. Such men do. To them it is but the moat around their far-off prison, the highway to exile, the scene of great misery and hardship on board a convict-laden vessel. William Huller certainly threw one glance at the broad sheet of salt water, and then turned away with a growl of disgust. He had not rambled that way to admire the ocean, but because all roads at the sea-side seem to lead one steps to the sea, and the parade was there and the shops, and the visitors.

One group caught his eye; a pony carriage, drawn by two pretty ponies, with a mounted groom in attendance; just one of those convenient low baskets, full of young ladies, and muslin skirts, and bewilderingly tasteful hats, and plumes, and veils, of which we now see so many at a watering-place. The lady who held the reins was young and very beautiful, for she was Flora Hastings, and she had brought her four-footed pets to a halt, and was talking with a tall, fair-haired young man, who leaned forward over the side of the low carriage, holding his horse by the bridle the while. Presently they parted. The tall gentleman with fair hair lifted his hat as the pony-carriage passed on, remounted his horse, and rode slowly away. He did not see Bendigo Bill.

But Bendigo Bill saw him, and ground his teeth, and gasped for breath. It was his conqueror in Great Popplewell Street, the "swell" who had humiliated him before his fellows.

"I'll hang for that man, but I'll have my revenge," said the ruffian to himself; and as Lord Ulswater rode away, the garroter followed him with swift but stealthy steps.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WICKED WORLD.

"I'll tell you what it is, Warburton," Captain Crashaw of the Horse Guards Blue had said, that very morning, in the billiard-room of Shelton Manor; I'll tell you what it is—forty-two to twenty-five, cannon again, forty-four to twenty-five—if I were Fortunatus Morgan, instead of being a poor devil of a Heavy, with empty pockets—forty-six, in spite of the cushion—I should not care to have such a man as Ulswater spooning my affianced one—a winning hazard—now again—game!" And then the captain added, very impressively: "That's between you and me!"

But Crashaw need hardly have troubled himself to bind over his young friend to silence. That pink-faced, bucolical young gentleman from the West of England, whose chief distinction in that house it was to be merry with Miss Warburton's brother, was discreet by instinct and by habit. He seldom opened his mouth but at meal times, and even then, as he sat quietly eating, his abstinence from the sin of frivolous speaking would have endeared him to Mr. Carlyle. To the negative merit of being mute, Young Warburton, as his associates called him behind his back, added the active virtue of reverence. He had a finely developed organ of veneration, and the object of his admiration just then was Crashaw of the Blues. He dressed after Crashaw's pattern, got introductions to Crashaw's long-suffering tradesmen, and sent them bountiful orders, paying ready money for the brilliant garments, the hats and boots, that he purchased; followed Crashaw everywhere, and gave him such simple, opened-mouthed homage—rather grotesque, but touching, too, in its honest frankness—as none but a hobbledehoy could contrive to give.

No, there was not much fear lest Young Warburton should betray the captain's confidence, unless it were by way of proving to his sister that he, Richard Warburton, knew a thing or two, and even then no great harm would have been done. There were other pairs of eyes in the house, quite as observant as those of Crashaw; and by this time, every girl there, and perhaps one or two of the married ladies, had noticed something, or had heard something, to the effect that Lord Ulswater was paying court to Flora Hastings, and that his attentions were by no means unwelcome.

However admirable may be a man's tact, its powers of dissimulation are of necessity limited, and in the long-run it is by far more easy for the innocent to be convicted of flirtation by a jury of young ladies, than for the guilty to escape indictment and trial. Lord Ulswater, who never flirted, remained free from suspicion of serious love-making for a time; but at last an awful roll of charges, based on trifling incidents of the slightest possible character, began to accumulate against him, and Shelton Manor was on the watch for further evidence.

Not Shelton Manor in the persons of its proprietors, but Shelton Manor as represented by all its younger visitors. The elder guests were too worldly wise, or perhaps too much absorbed in their own affairs, to see anything that was not glaringly patent. The Right Honorable Robert and Mrs. Hastings saw nothing at all. This was a grave business; even the giggling girls from the distant counties, even the unrespective young men from Pall Mall, felt that. There are likings, and lovings, and preferences, that are accounted fair game for people of quizzing proclivities. The announcement that Prince Volscius, or, it may be, Princess Volscia, his sister, is in love, serves still as the cue for malicious or sportive laughter on many a domestic stage. Some unhappy wretches there are who are not permitted so much as to steal away and die, like a hurt fawn, when Cupid's arrows strike them. There are merciless persons ready to drag them forth from the covert, and to point out to all eyes how the little archer's shafts rankle in the wound and to jeer, and flout their pain, as though it were the best of jokes.

There were guests at Shelton very capable of cruelty of this sort, blithe girls, whose own hearts had never felt a pang, and whose immunity from sentimental distress made them pitiless, as children are pitiless, because they have not yet learned the freemasonry of suffering. And perhaps one or two of the men, and one or two of the married ladies, whose souls had been rather soured than improved by some bygone griefs of their own, as is the case with some natures, would have enjoyed a little amusement at the expense of somebody else. But Lord Ulswater was not the kind of man with whom it was prudent to take a liberty, while Miss Hastings had a quiet, unconscious dignity of bearing, which it was impossible to disregard. Moreover, there was an indistinct conviction among the members of that pleasant circle, to the effect that if a man or a woman wanted to make an enemy, John, Baron Ulswater, would be a dangerous one. But no one had so abnormal a desire; so, if there were whisperings, outspoken words were avoided, and all went smoothly and steadily on.

Meanwhile, the persons principally concerned met daily without hindrance. Lord Ulswater, whose eagle eye seemed not seldom to have the power of reading the thoughts of those about him, may have perceived that his frequent visits and frequent conversations with Miss Hastings were not wholly unnoticed. But Flora was blind—blind as her parents, whose serene self-sufficiency was unruffled by doubt or dread—blind as those over whose eyes the rosy-fingered urchin has tied the bandage of Paphian web. It was to her one long, delightful, sunny dream of checkered light and shade, and she was happy, and cared not to dwell much upon the past, or to think much of the future. Here was a state of mind more common with women than with men.

Yes, Flora Hastings was happy now, for it was the period in this strange courtship when an innocent girl was able to enjoy the present the most thoroughly. Here was none of the unrest, the jealousy, the demands, the imperiousness of love, but merely a sort of halcyon voyage over peaceful, sun-gilded seas, with balmy zephyrs to fill the sails, and soft music, and a dreamy quiet of content. Men are seldom so steeped in the happiness of the present moment as women have the power to be. They look ahead for the haven instead of luxuriating in the length of the voyage. With them there is always a to-morrow, a goal, a future, something to be struggled on to, won, secured. Their longings are fiercer and fuller than is their capacity for actual joy. It is for men to hurry and press on towards the undiscovered Eden beyond the dim blue mountain-wall afar off; it is the privilege of the other sex to rest and be thankful among the wild flowers in some shady halting-place upon the hot and dusty road.

So Flora Hastings was happy in the immediate present, and if she remembered the future at all, she shut her eyes to it, and would not dwell upon it; she was as a sleeper who dreams a sweet celestial dream, one of those soft visions that come to visit us so seldom, and who will not without a struggle unclose his eyes to the cold cruel morning light that comes to turn the fairy gold to withered ivy leaves once more. Never before had she known a man like Lord Ulswater, and now she cared for him more than she dared to believe, more and more every day. Good looks, even in a man, go for something, but it was not Lord Ulswater's handsome person that would have made prize of the heart of such a girl as Miss Hastings, thoughtful, high-bred, and accustomed to a society in which fair faces were not uncommon. Chirper of the Life Guards, for instance, was a perfect Adonis, what our grandmothers in the Ranelagh days were wont to call a "beauty man," but nobody ever fell in love with poor Chirper.

There was a magic in John Carnac's voice, a charm in the glance of his eye, rarely exerted, but which had never been resisted yet by woman. The very touch of his hand, the very turn of his proud head, bent down as he talked with her, were dear to Flora Hastings. Then what talk it was—not oratorical, not flashy or pompous, or over fluent—but to her ear it had an eloquence that was music itself. Lord Ulswater's conversation had the rare merit of suggesting, rather than of defining, noble sentiments and bright glorious thoughts. Flora was a girl of quick feelings and strong sensibilities; she had a natural sympathy for whatever was true and good, and perhaps her own half-conscious thoughts were and had ever been less commonplace than was usual with any but clever women. She may have been clever, but if so she did not know it, nor claim any distinction on that score. But she could listen to Lord Ulswater, and be happy in listening.

Miss Hastings had the usual tendency to hero-worship that seems almost inherent in her sex, but it is not easy, in the critical, *nil admirari* atmosphere of London society, to select a hero worth worshipping. The lions of Belgravian parties had shaken their tawny manes and roared for her benefit, but she had always been disappointed in the quality of the roaring. Great writers, great speakers, great travellers, dreadfully clever men whose lips distilled gall and bitterness perennially, and who were feared because of their venom, as serpents are feared—all these she had seen and heard unmoved. The literary lions, she found, roared but feebly when denied the advantage of print and paper; the orators and travellers were coarsely boastful, or dull and pretentious, or, more likely still, shy and sullen in private life, and the Mayfair cynics were mere prigs, pert, flippant, ill-natured, but not in the least amusing. There had been lions of another sort, men whose leonine qualities had been proved—gallant soldiers who had won or merited the Cross of Valor by almost fabulous exploits against Indian mutineers. These lions, for the most part, would not roar at all, but were very quiet and simple lions, meekly enduring the laurel-wreaths with which their countrymen insisted on adorning their brave, honest heads. If they talked at all, it certainly was not of battles and rescues, but of how very hot it was in Lady Doldrums' rooms, and of the Derby and the Overland Route, and of what a bore India was, after all.

Lord Ulswater was the first, the very first man that Flora Hastings had ever felt herself able to love with the admiring, trustful adoration, the love that looks up, like a growing plant, towards the light, which is most beautiful in woman. She knew very well that he had not done much to win a name for himself in Fame's temple, but then there are some men to whom, so long as they are young, the world will consent to discount the future, to honor their bill, so to speak, upon posterity, and to give them credit for what they are going to do whenever they shall gird themselves for hard work. There was an appearance of latent power, moral, mental, and physical, in all that Lord Ulswater said and did. The jaguar lolls on the straw-strewn floor of its cage, a lazy, great wild cat, doing nothing most elaborately; but we detect the closely packed muscles hidden beneath the spotted skin, and believe what hunters tell us of the stroke and strength of that pliant forepaw.

Also there was another spell which this one man alone exercised over Flora's imagination. She had in her much of that undefined longing for excellence, to be good, and to do good, which most girls who are neither stupid nor selfish experience in the years that they pass between the school room and the period of their marriage. This is a powerful influence with the young, and has sent many a nun into the living tomb of the convent, and made many a popular preacher's chapel fill to suffocation with pretty little bonnets conceiling anxious, solemn little faces, pretty or plain. Now Lord Ulswater seemed able to tell her—Flora Hastings—*how* to be good and useful in the world, and to lighten the dark places where vice and poverty brooded like evil vampires over their hereditary prey; and he not only spoke of these things with earnestness and feeling, but without cant, which no one else had ever done. She was glad, very glad to have found a friend like him; some one who understood her.

There was some justice, certainly, in Ruth Morgan's suspicions. Here was Flora Hastings congratulating herself on having met with a male friend who understood her—and she longed for his coming, and was sorry when he left her—and she was to be Ruth's brother's wife—Mrs. Morgan of Cramlingham and Stoneham, and so on; hereafter, it was to be hoped, Lady Cramlingham of that ilk, honored and right honorable. A very proper marriage. Every one said so. It made her parents happy. It secured her a high place at the world's banquet. It gave her an amiable man, without any harm in him, to the best of popular belief, to be her husband. It was all very snugly, safely, irrevocably settled, and therefore the idea of it could be put aside like some valuable object, rarely used, which we keep under lock and key till it shall be wanted. Taking her marriage for granted, then, and not caring to realize the relief she felt on account of the temporary absence of her betrothed consort, Flora was happy in the society of John Carnac, Baron Ulswater.

On the day when Bendigo Bill's eye lit upon his enemy so unexpectedly on the parade of Shelton-on-Sea, Lord Ulswater, contrary to his usual practice, had not paid his ordinary visit to Shelton Manor. He had stayed away, and his absence had caused some little remark. Flora alone had said nothing, but some of those who watched her as narrowly as politeness allowed, saw, or thought they saw, that her spirits were less equable on that morning than on others. She was thoughtful and silent, or almost feverishly excited, by turns, and Crashaw said long afterwards that when, by some accident, he had touched her hand, it was as cold as marble. How her eyes had brightened when, in the course of her afternoon drive, she had met Lord Ulswater slowly riding through the watering-place, Miss Warburton was always ready to depose; with the additional circumstance that Flora had trembled as John Carnac sprang from his horse, and held out his hand to her. They had not said a word to one another that might not have been told in Bath, or Bath, by the town-crier himself. How could they, with Miss Warburton and Miss Tressilian sitting in the pony-carriage, and the mounted groom two yards off? If there had been a lovers' quarrel, as those two young ladies afterwards averred, assuredly the reconciliation was not a verbal one. But a great deal may be said by the eyes, and by the lightest pressure of the hand; and even the common talk of lovers is full of catch-words and mysteries, as we all know, unintelligible to any but the initiated twain.

So away, at the merriest trot of her ponies, went Flora Hastings, with bright eyes and quickened breathing, and a color mantling in her dainty cheek, for the first time that day, as her little feminine censors, with that turn for amateur detectiveship in Cupid's premises which many young ladies have, mentioned in confidence to their other dear friends. And away rode Lord Ulswater, slowly, away from Shelton, and out into the deep lanes that scored the hog-backed ridge of the downs on which St. Pagnes stood; and after him, with a swift step, went Bendigo Bill.

"I'll settle account with that chap now or never, if I hang for it!" muttered the garroter, as he kept the horseman warily in view. Bendigo Bill's eyes were bright, too, with a light that boded no good. Lord Ulswater rode on at a walking pace into the lonely road, and Bendigo Bill followed close behind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

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By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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Three young men were before the Chicago Police Court recently on the charge of being vagrants, when one of them made the following defence:

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GREATEST ADDITION TO PHILOLOGY IN HALF A CENTURY.—The most important contribution to *Philology* during the year 1864 was the publication of the Illustrated edition of Webster's Quarto Unabridged Dictionary. This work, which had long been in preparation, and on the revision of which years of labor had been bestowed by several eminent scholars, was, in many respects, the greatest addition to the philology of the present age which has appeared *within half a century.—Appleton's Cyclopedia for* 1864.

☞ The word *clergie* is in itself historical—meaning in the Norman tongue, *literature*. In early times, learning was almost exclusively confined to the ministry, hence *called* the *clergie*, or *men of literature*.

☞ Two negroes in Richmond, Va., were so delighted at the idea of being able to ride in the street cars, that they carried their breakfast and dinner with them and remained in the cars until night.

☞ Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with much zest, a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight on a lonely spot which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone, wrapped in a long, white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared and sat down beside him, with the ominious ejaculation: "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost, let us come closer and closer together;" and closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away.

☞ An unsophisticated countryman afforded considerable amusement to a large crowd at Norwich, Ct., on Wednesday, by attempting to bail out the well of a fishing smack lying at the wharf. Not till after working a long time did he discover that he was trying to dip out the river through the holes at the bottom.

☞ A hard-working, eminently pious woman once said: "I don't want to go to Heaven as soon as I die; but rather to sleep in the grave a thousand years or so, to get rested."

☞ The Hickman (Ky.) Courier is responsible for the statement that a Miss Mary Godey, living near that place, has been asleep for twelve years. At the age of twelve, after an ague fit, she went to sleep, and has been in a state of coma most of the time since, and she is now twenty-four years of age. She wakes at regular intervals for the purpose of yawning, but soon sinks into a slumber again, from which it is impossible to arouse her. She takes kindly to this condition of things, has grown considerably, and preserves her beauty and plumpness. What a nice quiet wife she would make.

☞ Many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, was exemplified by the fact that a safe with some thousands of francs, was lately stolen from the British Consulate at Havre. The safe was found, and the thieves had only just been able to force the door, so as to *see the money*, without being able to touch it.

☞ The Columbus (Ga.) Sun gives the particulars of the killing of a negro teamster and his four mules, by lightning, not far from that city. A man who saw the occurrence a short distance off, says every living thing about the wagon dropped instantaneously with the flash—the four mules with their backs to each other, and the driver in the saddle, with the reins in his hand and a basket on his arm. The ground around was open and level.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. Prices have declined 50c.@$1 ₩ bbl. About 600 bbls sold at 6¾@6¾ for superfine; $10.25@11.25 for extra; $12@13.50 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $12.50@14.50 for Penna and Ohio family; $13@16 for California, and $16@17 for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $8.25@8.50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 2s@2m bus common to fair Penna red sold at from $2.75@3; 3m bus do at $3.15@3.20; 2hm bus choice at $3.25, and small lots of California white at from $3.30@3.40 ₩ bus. Rye—12 bus western sold at $1.62@1.70, and 800 bus Penna at $1.60@1.70 ₩ bus. Corn—10,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1.30@1.32. Oats—45,000 bus sold at from 80c@$1 ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice. Small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $23.25@23.50 ₩ bbl; prime Mess at $22@22.50, and prime at $20 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22.50@23.50 ₩ bbl for city packet. Beef Hams are quoted at $21@22. Bacon—Sides of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@17c; Sides at 12@12½c, and Shoulders at 10@10½c ₩ lb. Green meats are unchanged. 200 tcs new pickled Hams sold at 14c; 200 tcs at 13@13½c, 15,000 lbs salt Shoulders at 9@9½c ₩ lb, and—Sides this and last week at 11½@12c ₩ lb; 80 do at 14c and No. 1 Lard at 12½c ₩ lb. Butter—Small sales are making at 14@15c for roll, and 12@15c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 7@8c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 16@17c ₩ doz.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 850 head. The prices realized from 9½@10c ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—1,600 head were disposed of at from 5½@7c ₩ lb. 2,000 Hogs sold at from $10@11.50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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$20.00 AGENTS WANTED—$10 00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW FAMILY STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use and fat sewing. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

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A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
Philadelphia.

feb2-6m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.50. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 2493, Boston, Mass.

de27-6t

ON THE RECEIPT OF $1.50 I will send to any one instructions how to paint the TIRE on a wagon or carriage without taking it off or heating. This is very valuable for carriages, as it prevents rubbing the wheels. Address C. J. CARE, Plain View, Minn.

CHOICE NEW CROP TEAS.

THE SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"

HAS ARRIVED FROM JAPAN WITH

22,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE FINEST

JAPAN TEAS

TO THE

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

Also,

THE SHIP "GEORGE SHOTTON"

HAS ARRIVED FROM FOOCHOW WITH

12,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE FINEST FOOCHOW

OOLONG TEAS.

The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow, (which is the finest Black Tea district in China.) These are the *finest first-picking contract Teas*,—rich, fresh and full flavored. This will enable us to supply our trade with uniform fine flavored Teas for a long time to come. These Teas were contracted for before the picking. Contract Teas are always far superior to any others. A large proportion of contract Teas of first pickings go to the European markets. That is one of the principal reasons why the English people consume *three* pounds of Tea, on an average, to one in an equal number of population in the United States. Heretofore, the United States have been compelled, to a considerable extent, to put up with lower grades of Teas and later pickings. This unfortunate result for the consumers of this country has been brought about heretofore in consequence of the many and great profits of the "middlemen" in the Tea trade. But this has been in a great measure remedied by the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, and their system of furnishing Teas to the consumer direct from the Chinese and Japanese factors, thus saving them many intermediate profits.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY—the ship 'Golden State,' from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship 'George Shotton,' from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black, and 12,349 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

This is the season of the year when we receive new Teas, and, consequently, our customers will not fail to notice a marked improvement in freshness from this time forward.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All Goods are Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

YOUNG HYSON (Green), 65c., 90c., $1, $1.25, best $1.50 ₩ lb.
GREEN TEA, 90c, 95c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 ₩ lb.
MIXED Tea, 85c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
JAPAN $1, $1.10, best $1.25 ₩ lb.
OOLONG (Black), 75c., 85c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), best $1.50 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 85c., 90c., $1, best $1.20 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1.25, best $1.50 ₩ lb.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our "*FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE*," which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, N. Y.
No. 860 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street, N. Y.
No. 335 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 44th street, N. Y.
No. 259 SPRING STREET, N. Y.
No. 35 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 130 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the papers or in circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

St. Charles, Winona Co., Minn., March 23, 1867.
To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

I send you a fifth order for Tea. My neighbors think I have "earned the road," and insist on my doing the business for them. I will simply say that all kinds of Tea received from your company have given complete satisfaction. Your Teas are fresh—well flavored—strong. The Merchants can furnish for $1.50 to $1.60 per pound no better article than you give us at $1.25, some say you are a humbug. Please humbug us again on this order.

Truly yours, in behalf of Tea drinkers,
SAMUEL S. BEMAN.

4 lb.	Best Uncolored Japan	Jos. Dewey, at	$1.25	$5.00
4	Best Green	C. B. Ruddick, at	1.25	5.00
4	Best Green	Andw. Main, at	1.25	5.00
4	Best Green	Wm. B. D., at	1.25	5.00
2	Best Uncolored Japan	Henry Hall, at	1.25	2.50
2	Gunpowder	A. Brown, at	1.25	2.50
1	Best Eng. Breakfast	N. H. Swell, at	1.25	1.25
2	Green	Wm. Scott, at	1.25	2.50
2	Green	Geo. Smith, at	1.25	2.50
2	Young Hyson	J. Downing, at	1.25	2.50
2	Best Oolong	Jas. Read, at	1.00	2.00
4	Uncolored Japan	J. Brown, at	1.25	5.00

and 9 others; making $41.25.

P. S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are employed, by *CLUBBING* together, they can reduce the cost of these Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

☞ We call Special Attention to the fact that our Vesey Street store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—LARGE DOUBLE STORE. ap6-tf

PALMER'S

PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1509 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
S. FRANK. PALMER, M. D. PRES'T. A. LIMB, C't.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT
JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut street Railway run within one square of it.

On SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 21	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5 40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 20	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 337 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.35	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	10.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.40	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL E. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

WEALTH WITHOUT LABOR.—Mystic Art, Ventriloquism, Hidden Secrets, &c., 500 New Wonders. Only 5 cts. Address J. B. W. BILTON, Williamsburg, New York. mar28-16*eow

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYNARD, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	60

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	105

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	115

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PEYKERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

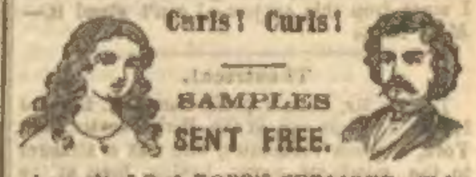
Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. E. S. ROBB,
my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

ALL WANTING FARMS.—GOOD SOIL, Mild Climate, 36 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also Improved Farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. ap27-3m

$200.00 PER MONTH, and you can stay at home all the time. Employment light, easy, and honorable for lady or gentleman. Send 30 cents and get a sample, and if you do not like it I will pay your money back. The article is insured to save $100 a year in any family. Address (box No. 11) C. V. ALLEN, Birmingham, Van Buren Co., Iowa. je1-2t

WHISKERS!

A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. je1-3m

$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS Capital required. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. T. F. WOOD,
je1-4t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 297 Bowery, New York City. my18-4t

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the whole art of VENTRILOQUISM and undying love of the fair sex in a few hours and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. je1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Thinking Aloud.

Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great fete, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship as well as others imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were of course well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who, being tired, had, up to this time maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I should have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be dashed if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty goodwill to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness—and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends.

Bewitching New Fashions.

Who shall describe the exquisite taste and beauty of the new style of ladies' walking dresses? Taken as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly costumes than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. But this time they have been felicitous in invention. The wretched waterfall still remains of course, but in a modified form; every change it has undergone was for the better. First it represented a bladder of Scotch snuff; next it hung down the woman's back like a canvas-covered ham; afterward it contracted, and counterfeited a turnip on the back of the head; now it sticks straight out behind, and looks like a wire muzzle on a greyhound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of head and hair reposes the little butter-cake of a bonnet, like a jockey-saddle on a race-horse. You will readily perceive that this looks very unique, and pretty, and coquettish. But the glory of the costume is the robe—the dress. No furbelows, no flounces, no biases, no ruffles, no gores, no flutter-wheels, no hoops to speak of—nothing but a rich, plain, narrow black dress, terminating just below the knees in long saw teeth (pointing downward), and under it a flaming red skirt, enough to put your eyes out, that reaches down only to the ankle-bone, and exposes the restless little feet. Charming, fascinating, seductive, bewitching! To see a lovely girl of seventeen, with a saddle on her head, and a muzzle on behind, and her veil just covering the end of her nose, come tripping along in the hoopless, red-bottomed dress, like a churn on fire, is enough to set a man wild. I must drop this subject—I can't stand it.—*Mark Twain*

Theatrical.

During Mr. Kean's performance of Richard III, some years ago, at the Park Theatre, New York, a green Vermonter, who was a stranger to the mimic art, never having been at the theatre before, took a seat in the pit, pretty near the orchestra, and was observed to watch the performance with absorbing interest. He neither joined in the applause bestowed on the performers, nor in the hisses lavished on the "supes," but silently and admiringly looked on at the play. He heard the drum beat to arms at Bosworth field—heard Richard's soul-stirring address to his army, and that of Richmond also—he saw the onslaught, and heard the clash of arms, and still did he preserve his silence, but when at length Richard comes reeling in, overcome almost by the loss of blood and the disasters of the day, crying out, at the top of his voice—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!!"

the Vermonter rose and "sung" out,—

"Look here, stranger, I haint got no horse, but I have a first-rate bob tail mare round here at the stable—as sure footed a critter as ever cantered; just hold on there, I'll be blamed if I don't bring her to you right off!"

The Vermonter, as they say in critical parlance, "brought down the house."

A Fastens Dispatch.—In the works of British Essayists, may be found the following translation of the original letter of the Marshal Boufflers to the French king, after the battle in the woods: "Sire—This is to let your Majesty understand, that, to your immortal honor and the destruction of the Confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders; Roban performed miracles; Guiche did wonders; Gatton performed miracles. The whole army distinguished themselves, and everybody did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your Majesty that, though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions."

Honorable Descent.—A newly-arrived cockney tourist requested a gentleman of Philadelphia to introduce him to some distinguished foreigners with whom he might associate without compromising his dignity—some who had "*descended from great house.*" The gentleman promised to do so, and the next day formally introduced him to three hod carriers, who were just in the act of descending from a great house in process of erection. The Irishmen were better pleased than the cockney.

☞ When Chang and Eng were first exhibited in New York, a curious inquirer went up to the exhibitor and asked, "The a the Siamese?" "Yes, sir." "*Brothers, I presume!*" On the whole he thought they were.

BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT.

Eqith.—"Now, Tommy, you keep turning slowly, till we've done it all round."

The Turquoise.

Fanciful opinions have been entertained respecting this well-known gem. Mr. Emanuel says: "Many persons believe that the turquoise indicates the wearer's state of health, and the fact that turquoises do vary their color in the most unaccountable manner may have something to do with this old superstition. The orientals thought it lucky, and that it would bring health and fortune to the wearer."

The same writer supplies us with the following story, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, but which is none the less amusing: "One of my relatives," says somebody, "possessed a turquoise set in a gold ring, which he used to wear on his finger as a superior ornament. It happened that the owner of the ring was seized with a malady of which he died. During the whole period in which the wearer enjoyed his full health, the turquoise was distinguished for unparalleled beauty and clearness, but scarcely was he dead, when the stone lost its lustre, and assumed a faded, withered appearance, as if mourning for its master. This sudden change in the nature of the stone made me lose the desire I originally entertained of purchasing it, which I might have done for a trifling sum; and so the turquoise passed into other hands. However, no sooner did it obtain a new owner than it regained its former exquisite freshness, and lost all traces of its temporary defects. I felt greatly vexed that I had lost the chance of procuring such a valuable and sensitive gem."—*Lapidarius.*

Patience.

It is much easier in some cases than others to produce what looks like patience. There is a constitutional impatience which is the natural result of the delicate nervous system, and the quick, active brain which always accompany high talent and cultivation. Some people, again, seem naturally patient. They are not easily fluttered and excited. They are phlegmatic and comatose, the result mainly of a dull brain and a slow circulation. Extremely stupid people often seem remarkably patient. The truth is, the more patient men seem, the less patient they often are. That quietude of manner which is the outward sign of patience in one striving against anger may be the outward sign of mere stolidity in another. It is not patience to be composed under what another would feel keenly, if the reason is that you do not feel it at all.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Many men who edit, and more who write for agricultural journals, make mistakes in writing for farmers, as if *en masse* the cultivators of the soil were ignoramuses requiring primary A-B-C education, and themselves the only competent teachers in creation. The utmost ability of another class of agricultural writers, too numerous by eleventh twelfths, crops out in mothetics, high-sounding phrases, elegantly turned sentences, rounded periods, and superfine writing, making of their grandiloquence a mental fogbank that themselves cannot see a single inch into ten days after their appearance in print.

Those who fancy the entire farming community, male and female, to be *non compos mentis* requiring always arbitrary and elemental instruction at their hands, fall into grievous errors, frequently showing themselves to be the lank wits, and farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters, their mental superiors.

During these six years we have been going to school by seven and eight months terms to farmer masters and mistresses, finding always among all classes, from the independent "country gentleman," to the three acre proprietor, lessons worth learning, and the standard of intelligence quite equal to that of any other class of the community. So with the majority of agricultural editors and writers who assume to teach the tillers of the soil. If they would go out abroad among farmers, fruit growers, stock breeders, dairymen, and practical poultry keepers, looking well about them and learning by observation, among the first lessons learned will be the one that they are themselves most lacking in rural knowledge, and that the place of pupil rather than that of teacher, would best become them.

The declaration that "the intelligent farmer finding his soil deficient in *soda* applies a dressing of *muriate of lime* and thus restores the equilibrium," is certainly "plain talk," but the practice is not so approved that any intelligent farmer will be very likely to follow the practice.

A gentleman claiming to be high agricultural authority, writing upon the subject of butter making, says:—"In our climate Indian meal is the perfection of winter food. Plenty of good hay and a *peck of Indian meal per day*, mixed with parsnips or carrots cut into small pieces, if fed to your cow, will give you as fine winter butter as can be produced."

Yes, perhaps they will for a week; but the best dairy cow in creation fed on plenty of good hay, parsnips or turnips, with a *peck* of corn meal per day, would be a miracle of a cow if after ten days, dieted at that rate, she gave milk enough to feed a baby. She might fatten rapidly certainly, but the flow of milk would fall in the same ratio that the animal increased in weight.

We have many intelligent, *practical* butter men and women in eastern Pennsylvania, any one of whom would have been able to instruct their butter-making mentor that *two quarts* of Indian meal per day, per cow, with plenty of good hay and "parsnips or carrots cut in small pieces," is the most that ought to be fed where the best supply of milk, and butter making are the intentions.

So it is, gentlemen of the press and pen, in many other directions. There are infinitely more farmers, farmers' wives and daughters, who laugh at the assumption of their would-be instructors in field and fireside duties, than there are of professional city gentlemen and gloved cook book ladies competent to instruct. It is to this practice of publishing pretty theories, elegant examples of elocution, and positive wisdom written by non-practical "learned pundits," that drags so many of our agricultural papers through a precarious existence, instead of becoming useful, instructive, and paying enterprises. It is a rule that holds good throughout the entire country, that the best patronized and most instructive agricultural publications are those which print the most original and well selected material from the pens of plain, practical working farmers, their wives, sons and daughters.

Renovating Weak Pastures.

Our advice to "Four Farmers," whose letter lies before us, is to make it one of the arbitrary rules of farming to always maintain fresh and vigorous pastures by rotation in crops, thus renewing the area of pasturage every year, and each individual field every fourth or fifth season. But under circumstances such as described, where rotation is inconvenient or impracticable, then regenerate, reconstruct—put new life, energy, and activity, into old pastures, worn down in vigor, exhausted by long continued grazing, by some one or all of the following practices:—

First—there is no especial necessity for respecting seasons, except it be winter, when the surface is so hard frozen that nothing can be done. Finding pasturage failing in your fields from exhaustion, take them in hand as soon as you can at any season—spring, midsummer, or autumn. Having no regular sod reviver, a heavy, steel toothed harrow is a very good substitute. Go over the field both ways with that, raveling, scarifying, and loosening root ligaments of the old, hide-bound sod. Follow the scarifying directly by sowing orchard grass or redtop, or both mixed is better, at the rate of five pounds to the acre. Give the surface a dressing of wood ashes if these are to be had. Next best, some reliable phosphate incorporated with an equal amount of ground plaster. Failing to procure these, use for a dressing, well-rotted barnyard manure composted with muck, marl, or the best material at hand. Keep off heavy stock at first. Pasture sheep if you have them. Sheep crop close, but that is no injury—and then they are excellent distributors of manure. Not having sheep, put in calves and colts, till the young grass gets well rooted. Pursue this practice and you will find it a sure, speedy, and cheap method of renovating old pastures.

Training Tomatoes.

With those who produce this esculent largely for market, there is no alternative after giving thorough cultivation, but to let the vines sprawl about, bearing as nature prompts. But those who grow tomatoes in gardens, for family consumption only, will find it an economical and well-paying practice to pay some attention to their early training. We have found the cheapest and best method of supporting the vines and obtaining early fruit, is to plant in rows eighteen inches apart, and make a trellis each side by driving into the ground stakes say three feet high, and a few feet apart, nailing to them any light, rough strips of boards, having the lower line about a foot from the ground, and putting on three rows of slats above that height.

As soon as the plants have set their first clusters of fruit cut off the shoot above them with a pair of shears, and keep the foliage clipped out with the same implement, so as to let in air, light, and the warm rays of the sun upon the fruit, thereby hastening maturity and improving quality. Pinching off shoots of growing plants of any kind is a slovenly, bad practice, as it must of necessity more or less crush the tender stumps, rendering them unhealthy and hard to heal. It is much like wrenching off a limb from an animal or human being by main strength. Sharp shears are recommended for shortening in all sorts of garden plants that require such training.

Hints on Hybridizing.

The combined ignorance and carelessness of our farmers and gardeners in planting all sorts of vegetables miscellaneously mixed up, is proverbial. It is little wonder that under such circumstances we have so many ordinary vegetables, and seedsmen receive so many left-handed blessings for selling spurious seeds. All the vine vegetables, as cucumbers, squashes, cantelopes, melons, and pumpkins, planted near together, run into each other as naturally as water seeks its level; and yet we see gardeners who profess to be experts, planting them rows-and-rows alongside of each other.

Tomatoes, potatoes, and many other garden vegetables readily hybridize by being placed too near neighbors to other sorts—the result of all natural amalgamation being an inferior fruit. Corn will mix mischievously a quarter of a mile, and yet we have seen twenty instances the present season, in which professional market gardeners have planted and are growing all in one patch—rows joining, Early Sugar Corn, Stowell's Evergreen, Smith's Early, Tuscarora, Burlington, Evergreen Sweet, and White Pop Corn. There will likely be several new sorts from these miscellaneous corn colonies, and in a few years we may have a thousand or more varieties of Indian corn instead of the hundred and thirty-four now in existence.

Gathered Grains.

—— We have more strawberries this way—bigger and better fruit than we have ever had before. Still last year's best prices rule, and so they would if every square yard of "New Spain" were planted with strawberries.

—— Not quite so many peaches killed off as we reported in last fruit bulletin. We have seen since, several large orchards down Delaware, and along the "Eastern Shore" that will yield maximum crops of first class fruit.

—— Those editors who announced fruit trees in full blossom April 12th, probably do not go much into the country. May 15th, apple trees in all these regions were in full bloom, and the blossoming more general than it has ever been. Prospect is, plenty of apples.

—— More than a thousand close microscopic examinations have failed to discover a single larva of the wheat weevil or fly in the joints of growing grain. Promises of excessive crops of wheat, rye, and grass, are as fair as they ever were at this season.

—— Over in Jersey, at Newton, they are cultivating the Bayberry, and making best "sperm" candles from the tallow. It is a paying and pleasant business.

—— At Atco, Camden county, New Jersey, they have factories for manufacturing wood vinegar (Pyroligneous Acid,) sugar of lead, charcoal, and several other serviceable things out of scrub oaks.

RECEIPTS.

Buttered Eggs.—Break eight eggs into a basin, mix them slightly, at the same time put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, and let it melt on the fire, then add the eggs; pepper and salt it to taste, stir it well till it becomes just solid, then take it off the fire and put it into a warm plate.

Bent Greens.—Young beets the size of a pencil, make, with the exception of asparagus, the best greens; the leaves must be examined for fear of insects, and well washed; boil with salt pork, beef, or ham; the latter is preferable; drain free from water, and serve with vinegar. They may be boiled without pork, and buttered.

Strawberry Pie or Short Cake.—Make a nice short cake; while hot, split it as many times as possible, and spread each layer with butter, strawberries, and sugar, put on the top crust, wet it over with egg, sift over sugar, and serve hot. Raspberries, blackberries, and whortleberries can be used in the same manner.

Pineapple Jelly.—This is set with isinglass. To every quart of syrup allow one ounce of shred isinglass. To make the syrup, allow to a pint of juice a pound of the best loaf sugar.

Pineapple Marmalade.—To every pound of grated pineapple allow a pound of double-refined loaf sugar. Boil until thick; then pack in tumblers, and paste over them papers wet with the beaten whites of eggs. Keep in *a dry cool place until wanted.*

Strawberry Meringues.—Pour over a pound of fine powdered loaf sugar the juice of strawberries, until it is all colored. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, and work a pound and an eighth of sugar into them; bake, or rather dry them, in a moderate oven, on paper spread on boards, which contain no gum or sap, raised on brick. When done, lift them with a knife and place them together; they should be as uniform in size and form as possible.

Gooseberry Wine.—Take forty pounds of nice large gooseberries before they commence to turn ripe, but not before fully grown; remove the blossoms and tails; bruise the fruit without crushing the seeds or skins; add to the pulp four gallons of soft water, stir and mash the fruit in the water until the whole pulp is cleared from the skin; let it stand for six hours, strain it through a coarse bag or sieve that will not let through the seeds; bring the water and juice to boiling heat, and dissolve thirty pounds of white sugar, and add it to the liquor; pass a gallon of water through the mass, strain, and add it to the mixture; measure the wine, and add soft water until it measures ten gallons. Let it ferment as current wine. Leave the barrel tightly bunged after the fermentation has ceased, until it is drawn off to bottle.

Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, and three of sugar, worked to cream, a half wine-glass of wine, five eggs beat separately, one teaspoonful of soda sifted with five cups of sifted flour, a little nutmeg, and lastly a cup of sour cream; bake in round tins, in a moderately quick oven; fruit may be added if desired; frost while the cake is warm, and it will keep some time without becoming stale. This cake is rich enough for any company.

To Eject a Cork from a Bottle.—If the cork has been pressed into a bottle, take a strong twine and pass it in double; a little turning and the twine will enclose the cork, and so may be drawn out.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 1, 4, 8, 5, 7, 21, is a county in Iowa.
My 2, 40, 17, 23, 44, is a county in Iowa.
My 3, 27, 31, 38, 26, 1, 4, 32, is a county in Iowa.
My 4, 11, 14, is a county in Iowa.
My 5, 22, 20, is a county in Iowa.
My 6, 24, 9, 36, 19, 16, is a county in Iowa.
My 7, 33, 38, 33, 30, 41, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 39, 38, 42, is a county in Iowa.
My 13, 16, 17, 28, 30, is a county in Iowa.
My 15, 20, 28, 33, is a county in Iowa.
My 20, 22, 39, 43, 25, is a county in Iowa.
My 23, 39, 37, 36, 13, is a county in Iowa.
My 28, 24, 30, 29, 34, 27, 32, is a county in Iowa.
My 29, 23, 32, 39, 16, 23, is a county in Iowa.
My 32, 20, 26, 8, 7, 44, is a county in Iowa.
My 38, 36, 8, 10, 1, is a county in Iowa.
My 43, 23, 34, 20, is a county in Iowa.

My whole is a motto containing a noble sentiment. HAWKEYE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is part of the body.
My second is a metal.
My third is a letter.
My whole is a territory.

WM. H. MORROW.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A musical instrument.
A Hebrew measure.
The woolly substance on the surface of cloth.
A short poem.
A native of Ceylon.
A Book of the Old Testament.
My initials and finals form the names of two cities. ALEXIA.

Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A travels 5 miles per day, and C 10 miles per day in the same direction, and B 8 miles per day in an opposite direction around a lake 80 miles in circumference; how soon will they all come together? WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Commercial Insurance Company issued a policy of insurance on an East India merchantman for ⅔ of the estimated value of the ship and cargo, at 4 per cent., and immediately re-insured ½ of the risk in the Manhattan Company at 3 per cent. During the outward voyage the ship was wrecked; and the Manhattan Company lost $1,350 more than the Commercial Company. What did the owners lose?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The centres of two balls whose radii are 2 and 3 feet, are connected by a slender rod 20 feet long. If the rod is represented as the diameter of a circle, in what point in the circumference of *this* circle would the greatest portion of the surface of the balls be visible?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? Ans.—A gable.

☞ Why is an auger-hole, when bored too deep, like a man in the water? Ans.—Because it is *overbored.*

☞ What is the difference between a battered dime and a new penny? Ans.—Nine cents.

☞ How may a man become foreshorted? Ans.—By doubling his two fists.

☞ What state is high in the middle and round at both ends? Ans.—O-hi-o.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother." ENIGMA—"It never rains, but it pours." ANAGRAM—

"Go gaze with rapture at the stars, that in the skies are glowing,
Go see the gems of perfect dye that in the woods are growing,
And more than sage astronomer, and more than learned florist,
Go read the glorious homilies of firmament and forest."

RIDDLE—Whale (ah, awe, hail, wail, lea, ale, law, hale, wail, wheel, heel, haw, hew, all, ha.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of March 30th—The probability that the target will be hit is 76-91; the probability that both will hit it is 37-91; the probability that A will hit it and B will miss it is 12-91, and the probability that B will hit it and A miss it is 36 91. Artemas Martin. Probability that the target will be hit 11-91, probability that both will hit it 27-91; Probability that A will hit it and B miss it 12-91; Probability that B will hit it and A miss it 36 91. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 6th—7. 7 and 10 are the numbers. Lewis Lobus.

Answer to Patrick Ermon's PROBLEM of same date—88974 feet; L. Lobus. The area of the space included is 68.75 feet; W. J. Parrett.

☞ A young lady of Urbana, Illinois, who was recently caught smoking a cigar by the "local" of the Gazette of that place, gave as her reason for the act, "That it made it smell as though there was a man around."